# NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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## Pro-Slavery.

From the Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

### A BUCKEYE IN VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, (Va.) Jan. 1, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—From the land of *niggers*, old Virginny, I hail you in a "happy New Year" greeting. If my letter seem "coloured with fancy," my apology shall be that everything around me appears *coloured* in fact—for this is certainly the most *niggardly* city and country into which my wandering feet have yet led me. Richmond itself is a beautiful city, at least it must be so in summer, when its gardens and shade-trees, and State-house park, are permitted to blend the brighter graces of nature with those of art. The principal streets are wide, with rows of neat stores, and here and there a handsome mansion—yet frequently proclaiming in their old, dilapidated, and tenantless houses, that the spirit of progress so wonderfully manifested in the streets of Western cities, has left the borders of the "Old Dominion." The United States Court House is a fine building, and so is the State House, and the Exchange Hotel is a handsome granite edifice, but beyond these my admiration finds no object worthy of its gratitude in Richmond. A church stands on the spot formerly occupied by the theatre, in the conflagration of which nearly one hundred lives were lost. At the church door there is a square monument, on the sides of which are recorded the names of those who perished in the fire, about sixty in all.

This is New Year's day in Virginia, and I suppose it is so in Ohio, yet I assure you the day in the two places would not be recognized, readily, as the same. Instead of that social interchange of visits and greetings which mark our own and free State cities generally at this time, every face looks anxious, wistful, scrutinizing, and the whites are mingling among the herds of blacks, turning this man around and asking questions of that, and here and there a nervous young lady questioning the buxom, thick-lipped wench in regard to their several capacities, then reading their "characters," which the damsels carry in their hands instead of their sable faces, and all this because this day servants are hired for the year. It is emphatically a day of business, and Richmond does not see many such days in the year with its ordinary dullness. Even the slaves look anxious, for in their change of places to remain unchanged again for at least a year, they must feel a natural anxiety in relation to the employment and masters during that season. But these slaves are a happy set of people. As a friend and a sympathizer with the whites, I would wish the blacks free, but as a friend to the slaves, and to them a well-wisher, I should keep them as they are. They are better off in the country on the plantations, than they are here in the city, and what is their condition here? As contented as a race of mortals can be on this earth, I am satisfied. The slave knows that under every circumstance the master is bound to clothe and feed him, and to take care of his wife and children if he have them. His necessities are ever under the care of others. If he get sick, it is to his master's interest to procure the best medical attendance. If Sambo then have a dollar—and there are but few slaves here who are not continually, one way or other, getting them—then this money is spent in some luxury. They are the best patronizers of confectionaries, groggeries, and pedlars. They are fond of dress, and these dollars are laid up to purchase all the fineries of clothing. If a slave die in the middle of the week, the body is preserved till the following Sunday, at which time they have a grand funeral prosession. Now, I challenge any one to find a procession of white men in the country with equal size with these, in which there are more well-dressed, or better, more fashionably clothed men. Those slaves employed in the factories, or at any mechanical labour, are tasked, and all they make over this is their own. Consequently there are slaves who can make as high as nine dollars per week, and every cent of this is spent in actual luxuries. Five out of six of the slaves of Richmond could, in a few years purchase their freedom. They would not have it on the condition of leaving the city. Swallow that, Mr. Herald. Indeed there are free blacks here who pass themselves off as slaves, and live as such, to avoid being sent out of the State by an old law providing for their dismissal after a certain time of freedom.—These slaves do but little work. They loiter around the streets, and take things easy, while the white mechanics are forced to toil and live economically.

So much for the slaves. From my travels and observations, readings and inquiries, I sum up my opinions generally on the subject into this particular one, urging it not as being of any importance whatsoever from its source, but considerable from its plain truth. That so far as the slaves themselves are concerned, they are much happier and more useful in their present condition than if they were free—but that the institution of Slavery is a curse to the States in which it is upheld, an unconquerable foe to public improvements, the progenitor of a thousand deteriorating influences upon the people, and a canker-worm in the heart of universal progress.—Virginia is a fair representation of the other slave States, and the mass of the Virginians will uphold the truth of my conclusions. Indeed the Virginians are Abolitionists so far as the desire to see their State a free one is concerned. They are heartily wearied of Slavery—and but for the class called Abolitionists in the Northern States, Virginia this day would, beyond all reasonable doubt, be a free State. A few years since some of the principal men in the State were in favour of a general emancipation law, such as Pennsylvania enacted. Public meetings were held in this very city, and all things looked bright and prosperous as tending to the one great end, when the Abolitionists of the North, unfortunately, got wind of the matter, and with a wisdom well according with their general action on such matters, sent a lot of tracts in this region, scattering them over country and town. The consequence was of course what any one but a wild fanatic could have foreseen. The interference, and from such a detested source, at once angered the most zealous, and indignation usurped the place of every other feeling. Not another meeting was held, nor was there a man bold enough to propose another.

From the Commercial [Apalachicola] Advertiser.

### MADNESS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS—A REMEDY AGAINST IT.

These mono-maniacs still continue to agitate the Congress of the United States. Attempts have been made during the present session of Congress, to introduce abolition petitions in the Senate and House of Representatives. In the lower House, they were actually received and referred. Several speeches have been made on the subject of Slavery, in connection with the Wilmot Proviso. This feverish anxiety about other people's business, must be considered by all scientific medical men, as a disease of the mind. There are only two modes of cure offered by the profession. One method consists in confining the subject in a lunatic asylum, and feeding him upon water-gruel; and the other method is, to apply a red-hot poker to the back of his head until the patient is burnt into his senses. The latter mode should always be adopted for such thick-skulled patients as Giddings and Tuck.

It is utterly useless to argue with a maniac; for his understanding has left him, and he is unable to appreciate the force of your reasoning. Don Quixote was a very polite, and a very sensible man upon almost every subject; but when you touched the vein of his knight-errantry, he became a raving maniac. The medical records furnish many examples of this kind, in more modern times. Every mind that cannot be awakened to some sort of reasoning, is diseased, and this disease may be partial or general. If it is partial, it will generally be manifested, by touching an opinion or sentiment originating from the seat of disease. The man will instantly fly into a fury, as though you had struck an inflamed eye.—Sometimes, however, the case is different. You will perceive that one man has a more limited mental capacity than another. Some men have *no capacity* to comprehend the mathematics, nor the more abstruse sciences; and so it is in politics. Some of the Abolitionists, therefore, are mono-maniacs by excessive excitability, and others by want of comprehensibility.

When we were in Cincinnati, a few years since, there was abundant opportunity offered, to ascertain that this disease of the Abolitionists was a real mono-mania, similar to the religious frenzy of the Hindoos. We came in contact with a skunk Abolitionist, who had been chosen delegate to the World's Convention. His name was Buffum. This man seemed to possess considerable intelligence, on almost all subjects, disconnected with Slavery; but here, he was totally deficient in even the rudiments of common sense. He contended that it was quite common in the South, to see white young ladies escorted by their own negro men, as familiar lovers. We must confess, that his indecencies made our Southern blood boil out of all civility.

Southern gentlemen should consider these Abolitionists as maniacs in the North; but when they come to the South they should have them confined in a proper asylum. They cause the negroes to be discontented with their lot, and they are thereby led to perpetrate many horrid deeds, which would not have occurred, had it not been for these disturbers of the peace. False representations held out to ignorant free men, will often cause sedition; and if the ring-leaders of such free men are punished, what ought to be done with an Abolitionist, who excites our negroes to sedition or insurrection?

We often hear of "dissolution of the Union," in connection with this subject; and some suppose that civil war will be the result of such a state of things. Whoever reflects a moment, will at once perceive that civil war could not possibly happen, without forcing measures out of their natural course. The question would come up in Congress in this manner: "Shall Slavery be abolished in the United States?" The vote would be taken—it is decided in the affirmative; and the Southern delegation resign their seats and return to their constituents. A home Government is organized, and the North is left to take care of itself. An act of non-intercourse is passed—our cotton is manufactured at home, or sent to England. Here is an end of the matter.

Let it not be supposed for a moment, however, that all the men of the North have lost their senses. There is as much talent, common-sense, and goodness of heart at the North, as you will find at the South. The great majority of the North know that Congress has no power to *establish Slavery* in Ohio, and consequently none *to abolish it* in Kentucky.—They know that every slave State has the power to give each negro man, twenty-one years of age, the elective franchise; and it the power of the North were to threaten too strongly, the South might adopt this measure, to increase its ratio of representation in Congress.

A dissolution of the Union would be greatly against the interests of the North, and this fact alone will always keep a union majority in the Northern States. Why is it that Abolitionists should be opposed to Slavery in the South? So far from this institution injuring the Northern States, it gives them an actual advantage over the South. They get our cotton and other Southern productions much cheaper than if Slavery were abolished. They have the advantage of manufacturing our raw material, which would not be the case if Southern Slavery did not exist. They have the advantage in the ratio of representation, which would not be the case if we had no slaves. The whole solution of the matter lies in a *morbid philanthropy* of some few monomaniacs; and the insidious instigations of foreigners who are envious of our national prosperity.

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The Anti-Wilmot Proviso and pro-slavery section of the Democratic party met at Albany in Convention on the 26th inst. The following persons were appointed its officers:

*For President*—Hiram Denio.

*For Vice Presidents*—Wm. McMurray, Jonathan O. Hasbrouck, Joseph D. Monell, Samuel Cheever, Dorastus Lawrence, Mathias Van Hoesen, Wm. H. Noble, Marcus H. Johnson.

*Secretaries*—Hiram A. Besbee, Samuel Reynolds, Andrew Clark, Isaac Monson.

An address was read and adopted from which we make an extract or two touching the relation of these canting pretenders to the name of Democrats to the subject of Slavery, and its extension by conquest.

We are in favour of the acquisition of territory, as compensation and indemnity. Those who profess to be in favour of the acquisition of territory, and insist upon the agitation of a subject which will prevent it, cannot very strongly commend themselves to the candid judgment of the intelligent. Those who openly advocate the no-territory doctrine are less to be feared, for they can be met in the open fields of argument; the others are the more insidious and subtle foes, being in ambuscade.

Strongly as we are impressed with the propriety and justice of the acquisition of territory, we would despise ourselves if we availed ourselves of a conquest to secure that end, because the weakness of our enemy yeilded to our strength. Such a motive is entirely repugnant to those principles of moral justice which are the life of the Democratic faith and Democratic practice.

The title of the Mexican Government is a title by conquest, from those who held it by conquest. If we took it and held it by the same title, they could not complain. Their title is legal, and our title would also be legal. As a moral question, if they have wronged us; if they owe us a debt which they are morally bound to pay, and brought upon themselves the war, violating a moral duty, then our moral right to retain the territory, in the payment of the debt is as strong as is the moral duty to pay, where payment is due.

From the very nature of our institutions, and from the design of our Government, such territory, when acquired, would not be held by conquest, as such tenure is known in the international code. We would hold it, not for our use, but for the use of man, be he there, or come he whence he may. It would be held only to be surrendered to the government of the occupants of the land. Can territory be held by conquest which is alike free to all, and is governed, or is to be governed, by its occupants—by a Government of their own? We deny that such a tenure is a tenure by conquest, as such tenure has been known in the world. It is no more than the restoration of moral rights by legal means. We (the American people) have devolved upon us the great work of restoring to man his long lost rights. The means by which we are to accomplish this end, ought to be legally as well as morally just.—The field is in part opened to us, by the conduct of Mexico, and such moral and legal means are offered for our use. Shall we occupy it? Shall we now run with manly vigour, the race that is set before us, or shall we yield to the suggestions of a sickly fanaticism, and sink into an enervating slumber?—Labour was the consecrated means of man's subsistence when he was created. To replenish the earth, and subdue it, was his ordained mission and destiny. We feel no emotion but pity for those whom philanthropy, patriotism, or religion, has led them to believe that they can prescribe a better course of duty than that of the God who made us all. They whose representatives we are, are ready to perform that for which they were ordained. They feel all the strength that the consciousness of being right can impart, and are anxious to press onward in the fulfilment of destiny.

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No one can be regarded as a true Democrat who, at any time, would insist upon the political agitation of a moral abstraction as of paramount importance, when the direct tendency of such agitation is to create sectional dissensions and division between us and our natural allies, in upholding and advancing the great doctrines of the democracy, and the agitation of such an abstraction during war, can be regarded as little less than treasonable.

Those who agitated it during the war with England, and those who agitate it now, history will consign to a common condemnation. Those who wield "fire-brands" now, are no better than those who burned "blue-lights" then. When the war shall be crowned with a lasting and honourable peace, and territory shall have been acquired, those who may then occupy it, may pass all such laws of a local nature and application as to them may seem just, without interference from us, and without being subjected to the tender mercies of the deluded fanatics, or the revengeful partisans who have volunteered their undesired services in their behalf. They will be no more useful to the inhabitants of such territory, in that day, than they are to their country in this.—Their philanthropy is as spurious as their patriotism, and leads to nothing but mischief. They, and those who act with them, support no war but a war upon their country, and when it is engaged in a foreign war, they wage their war upon it the fiercer.

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Had the seceders, in a fit of passion arising from their defeat in some personal scheme, formed a new, irregular party organization, in our strong desire to uphold the Democratic party, we would willingly sacrifice all personal feelings to unite with them; but their hostility is worse than mere irregularity. It is fundamental; they are not only irregular in their action, but their hostility to the Democratic party itself, and its principles, is determined. They have not only adopted the creed of the opposition—in its different phases of Federal, Whig, and Abolition—but its worst practices in all those phases, as exhibited in impeding the action of the Government in conducting a foreign war, and in the agitation of a disturbing sectional question. Their opposition to the National Democratic party is as determined as is that of the Whig party proper, and more bitter. We regard them as the enemies of the Democratic party; not temporarily, but permanently. Their hostility to the principles of the party is fixed, and is the cause, and not the result, of their separation from it.

We appeal to the great mass of the Democratic party to remain within it. We ask you not to follow us, who are but humble members of it; we desire to remain with you as co-equals in that party whose ancient renown is our common property.—Follow not leaders, but follow principles. We desire to be emphatic with you in our appeal not to follow leaders, but to follow principles—the ancient principles, which are the sure foundation of the Democratic faith. We desire henceforth, as heretofore, to act with you in the harmonious effort to uphold that great national party upon which is devolved the exclusive duty of advancing the interests of this great country in peace, and vindicating its honour in war. Remember that the recurrence of a war, is a national event that tries men's souls, and divides them into two parties—one for the country, and the other against it; and although men, under such circumstances, may temporarily "vote a lie" to shield them from the punishment which they feel they deserve, yet in the end, instinct, sentiment, or habit prevails, and they are found openly in the ranks of the enemy, where their hearts were at the beginning.

In such a struggle, he that is with us with a condition or a proviso, is no better than an open enemy. He that is not for the country, unconditionally, is against it. He that is not for the Democratic party and its administration, without a cavil, is against them. Be assured, happen what will, the national Democratic party will stand. It will stand upon the rock of its own integrity—the monument of all that is good in the past—a beacon to all that is glorious in the future. Its triumphs in reserve are as bright as those it has achieved; its victories are the victories of patriotism; its triumphs are the triumphs of principle.

## Selections.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

### FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE A. S. SOCIETY.

Another year's history of our Society has been written on Time's pages. We cannot now erase or amend the record, but must read it, as we have written it, at some future day, in the clear light of eternity. Our annual retrospect, will, however, avail us much, for we will gather from the past, a rich harvest for the future. We would enter the new year, upon whose threshold we stand to-day, bearing with us all the valuable experience which past conflict, toil, success, or disappointment have given us. And this has been no meagre boon.—Every passing year adds to its fullness and value. On this day, our fourteenth anniversary, we find ourselves standing firmly on the same foundation principles as those on which the American Anti-Slavery Society was originally based, and which it has zealously maintained. Through evil report and good report, through the storm of popular commotion, and the brief sunshine of popular favour, through the perils of conflict with open foes, and "sorer perils among false brethren," have these principles been severely tested, and their verity proved. That which, not having seen, we yet believed, has been confirmed to us by experience and observation. These have also taught us new applications of old truths, as the performance of one duty ever brings us within sight of another, and the vanquishing of one foe teaches us how to combat with its successor. Reviewing the past year, from our stand-point of to-day, its history appears full of encouragement. It has been no idle year in the Anti-Slavery field, nor has it been one of poor returns for vigorous labour. The loud and bold rebukes which Slavery has received from ecclesiastical bodies, during the past year, bear witness that the clarion-call of the hosts of Freedom has not been sounded in vain in the ears of a slumbering Church, but that that Church is awaking to a consciousness of its solemn responsibilities to Humanity, and its duty to the American bondman.

But not from this source only, or chiefly, do the tokens of good proceed. The border slave States, chafing beneath their yoke, are struggling to throw it off, and to disenthrall themselves by disenthralling their captives. The recent movements in Western Virginia, the effort to obtain legislative sanction for abolishing Slavery in those counties where the vote of the inhabitants would have been in favour of it, and the proposed establishment of a paper for the advocacy of the principles of freedom, cannot but be hailed with grateful joy by all true Abolitionists. With no less interest do the eyes of those who are watching the progress of our enterprise, turn to Kentucky, where one brave champion for Freedom has uplifted its standard, and with the little band which has rallied around it, is valiantly battling for the Right. A few more brave and united efforts, and Virginia and Kentucky and Delaware will cease to be out-posts of the citadel of Slavery, and become the fair portals to Freedom. God grant that those who are leading on the conflict there, may prove equal to the task!

In our own State, our cause has steadily progressed. Among its most signal triumphs, during the past year, has been the passage of a bill in our Legislature, forbidding the kidnapping of free negroes and mulattoes, prohibiting the Judges, Aldermen, and Justices of the Peace, of this Commonwealth from issuing or granting "any certificate or warrant of removal" of any fugitive from Slavery, forbidding the use of any prison of this Commonwealth for the detention of such fugitives, and also repealing the laws passed March 1st, 1780, which authorized "masters or owners of slaves to bring and retain such slaves within this Commonwealth, for the period of six months, in involuntary servitude, or for any period of time whatsoever," and which prevented "a slave from giving testimony against any person whatsoever." This was a victory won for Freedom. Pennsylvania must take one more step, and she will be worthy of the name of a free State. Let her declare the slave free as soon as his foot presses her soil; FREE, in defiance of State laws or Federal Constitution, FREE, from the clutch of the man-hunter, whether he be Cuban bloodhound or ermined Judge, FREE, in accordance with God's law, though in violation and contempt of man's impious statutes. When Pennsylvania shall do this deed, she will make herself free, and will be more than worthy of the name of her founder. She will encircle her brows with a crown of honour and glory which shall never fade away, and may uplift her head among the scoffing nations who are hurling their taunts at American democracy, and calmly and unblushingly meet their gaze.

Already have we seen the beneficial workings of this legislative enactment, in opening the doors of our county prison to one poor victim of Slavery who had been incarcerated within its walls, to await his consignment to a more dreadful fate; and also in the failure of the kidnapper to procure the necessary legal authority for the capture of those whom he had marked for his prey. If the friends of the slave are viligant, and prompt in action, those emissaries of evil, who go about this Commonwealth, seeking whom they may devour, will find it increasingly difficult to succeed in their dark designs.

And a voice from south America and from tropic isles, has shouted unto us the joyous tidings that in Uruguay and St. Bartholomew, Slavery is no more.

Another source, whence we draw cheering indications of progress, is the extensive and deep interest which was excited by our Fair. That such interest has been more deeply and widely felt, during the past year, than heretofore, is very evident to those who have watched with careful solicitude the preparations for the Fair, during the last six months. The friends of the cause, in the country, have devoted themselves to this work with unusual energy, and the result has told effectively upon our enterprise. We have, this year, extended our labours in this department, by holding a Fair, on a small scale, in a neighbouring town, and the experiment has proved sufficiently successful to induce us to recommend the measure.

Our Society has recently memorialized our State Legislature, asking for the extension of the right of suffrage to all persons duly qualified, *without distinction of colour*; and has also petitioned Congress to take measures for effecting an immediate and peaceful dissolution of the American Union.—This latter step, which we are aware is an important and responsible one, has not been rashly taken.—We have been impelled to it by a strong conviction that a union between Slavery and Liberty is impracticable, and the attempt to produce such union, a violation of the highest, nay, the *only* law,—the law of Right. Abolitionists have long been asking for such an alteration in our Federal constitution as should release themselves and the North from participation in the crime of enslaving a portion of their countrymen. Their request has not been granted. Therefore they feel compelled to say to the South, "While you continue to enslave and imbrute your fellow-men, we will have no union with you in your iniquity;" therefore do they ask Congress to dissolve that "covenant with death, which has pledged Northern freemen to trample on the weak and defenceless victims of Southern oppression. Our battle cry of "No union with Slaveholders," is uttered in obedience to the command to be not "partakers of other men's sins." If our countrymen will rob the poor, "because he is poor" and defenceless, we may not lend them the strength of our right arm to aid their evil work; if they will extort from their wretched victims the fruit of their toil, we may not share with them those ill-gotten gains. Their hands should be clean who bear this Ark of the Lord before the people.

The retrospect of a year shows us much that has been done. Our prospective view reveals much more to be accomplished. Glimpses of the future forbid us to pause long in our review of the past.—We will but stop to call the sweet blossoms of promise and hope, which bloom so brightly by our side; we will but turn back to raise a shout of thanksgiving over victory won, and then with quickened step, and strengthened heart, we will press on to the work which awaits us in the opening year. Conflict and trial, as well as toil, await us. The leagued hosts of oppression are battling against us, with the desperation of departing life. To save their darling institution from the onsets of Northern freemen, they are striving by the basest means, to obtain Southern territory, on which to enlarge and strengthen it. That disgraceful war which has plunged our nation into "a lower deep" within those depths of infamy, into which Slavery had sunk her, shows no sign of termination. They who originated it, and who defend it on its own merits, and they who denounce it in one breath, and with the next applaud its heroes, are united in its support. The tide of moral desolation which it will pour over the country, we must meet, and stem its fury, as best we may, by the power of truth and the influences of practical righteousness.

We have also to meet the mighty opposition of the religion of this nation. It is a lamentable fact, but not, therefore, to be concealed, that in the nineteenth century of the Chrisrian Era, in a country as fully enlightened as any under heaven, Christianity is so perverted that many of its authorized expounders teach, and their deluded disciples profess to believe, that the enslaving of men, and women, and children, is in accordance with its pure and holy precepts.—This Church of a false religion has arrayed itself against our reform, and we must meet and combat its powerful influence. We must complete the work, already in progress, of winning the professedly Christian Church to the side of humanity. Our work is, indeed, no pastime. The difficulties with which we have to contend, are no figments of the imagination. How shall we meet them? How shall we accomplish the task assigned us? We must vigorously maintain the ground which we have won.—To do this we must diligently strive to win more.—We must demand higher action of our Legislature, we must ask more of the Church, if we would keep them from retrogading in the path of reform.

Do we need incentives to increased diligence and zeal in our labours? They are all around us. The whitened fields, bending with the weight of rich harvests, invite the reaper's hand. Past success urges us on. For years have Abolitionists toiled and striven to create a public sentiment that should repeal the odious laws of the Commonwealth which sustain Slavery. The work has been done. If the man-stealer now brings his slaves upon Pennsylvania soil, their fetters fall from their limbs, they are MEN, and the spell of the tyrant's power is broken. Let us thank God and take courage! They whose weak faith is ever asking "a sign from Heaven," may now acknowledge, what they should have, long since, believed, that Abolitionists are not labouring in vain, or spending their strength for naught.

Voices from the graves of the tried and true, who have laboured, heart to heart with us, and have fallen by our side, call on us to-day, in tones of solemn entreaty, to be faithful unto death. The year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, has borne a hero from our battle-field. He fell "with his last breath crying, onward, and his hand upon his sword." Ireland shall treasure in her heart of hearts, the enduring memory of one who, to her, was "faithful found, among the faithless;" and the American bondman, in the day of his jubilee, shall murmur the name of O'Connell in his glad thanksgivings.

A strong incentive to gratitude and renewed consecration to our work, is presented to us in the restoration to our ranks, of our own beloved pioneer in the cause of Emancipation. The joy with which we hail his return to active service is proportioned to the trembling solicitude with which we watched and waited, when we feared that the death-angel was claiming him for his own. By the remembrance of that painful anxiety; by our grateful joy when the hour of danger was past; by the softly murmured tones of the slave's thanksgiving, borne to us on the southern breeze, will we be incited to more arduous toil, to purer self-sacrifices, to deeper devotion to the cause of Freedom.

And should we falter in our path, should the strong heart faint, and the active hand grow weary, an ever sounding plaint of woe, rising from our far south land continually unto Heaven, shall quicken us unto new life, and enabling us to throw off our clogs of sloth and selfishness, win us to deeds of loftier heroism and sterner self-denial. Bright hopes cluster around our path, as we enter the new year. May we leave foot-prints upon it, in which our successors may safely tread, and may the deep devotions of our soul irradiate it with that light "which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

### SANTA ANNA'S PASS.

Amongst the documents communicated to the United States House of Representatives by the Secretary of the Navy, pursuant to a resolution of the House, are the following:

[*Private and Confidential.*]

U. S. NAVY DEPARTMENT, May 13, 1846.

COMMODORE: If Santa Anna endeavours to enter the Mexican ports, you will allow him to pass freely.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

Commodore DAVID CONNOR,
Commanding Home Squadron.

PRINCETON, SACRIFICIOS, Aug. 16, 1846.

SIR: The brig-of-war Daring, just about sailing for New Orleans, with despatches from the English Minister in Mexico, to Mr. Packenham at Washington, allows me an opportunity and sufficient time to inform you that Gen. Santa Anna and his friends have just now arrived at Vera Cruz in the English merchant steamer Arab, from the Havana.

I have allowed him to enter without molestation, or even speaking the vessel, as I was informed by the senior English naval officer here, Captain Lambart, that she carried no cargo, and would not be allowed to take any in return. I could easily have boarded the Arab, but I deemed it most proper not to do so, allowing it to appear as if he had entered without my concurrence. It is now quite certain the whole country—that is, the garrisons of every town and fortress—have declared in his favour.—But, unless he has learned something useful in adversity, and become another man, he will only add to the distractions of the country, and be hurled from power in less than three months.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. CONNOR,
Commanding Home Squadron.

Hon. G. BANCROFT, Secretary of the Navy.

I write in great haste.

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The following letter, published in the Cleveland Herald, we should have given earlier to our readers if we could have procured a copy of it:

MR. HARRIS:—I notice that several numbers of the Cleveland Herald contain editorial articles strongly condemning my vote for Speaker and Clerk, at the organization of the body of which I am a member. Holding, as I always have, that it is the duty of the Representative to render satisfactory explanation (if in his power) of his official acts to those of his constituents who call them in question, I shall most cheerfully lay before your readers some of the considerations which guided me on the occasion alluded to. I only regret the necessity of doing this publicly, as it involves the official acts of those gentlemen for whom you say it was my duty to have voted. This I would gladly have avoided, but the public manner in which you have assailed my votes, renders my present course necessary.

You do not charge me with having violated any principle of Whig faith, or any moral obligation; but you insist that I was bound to vote for certain individuals to office. You have not set forth any peculiar merit in them, over the men for whom I voted. Were they better Whigs? You do not pretend they were. Were they more capable? You make no such assertion. The only reason assigned by you, is that they were selected as suitable candidates by other men, in my absence, and against my wish. In other words, they were the "caucus candidates." Much has heretofore been said by our party of "*collar men*" and of the "*servile submission to party dictation*" which has heretofore controlled the members of the Locofoco party; but I had not expected to have seen a Whig, or a Whig press, attempt to establish those doctrines on the "Western Reserve."

You insist that I was bound to vote for those men, although in my judgment they were disqualified. This is substantially your charge, though not in words. I have not so understood the duty of a Representative. Nor do I think you would have practiced on such a principle, had you been in my situation. I felt myself bound to act for the best good of my constituents and my country, and particularly, to the extent of my power, to preserve from further desecration, the Constitution which I had sworn to support. For me to have voted for men who I verily believed would not sustain the Constitution, would have brought upon myself the guilt of moral perjury. To God and my conscience my first obligations were due. No man or set of men could relieve me from the moral responsibility under which I was placed, by deciding upon the candidates for whom I should vote. At a meeting of the Whig members of the House of Representatives, held on the morning on which our present war with Mexico was declared, Mr. Winthrop made a speech urging the whole party to vote for the war. While the bill was pending in the House, he went among his colleagues and personally urged them to sustain the bill, containing as it did one of the most flagrant falsehoods ever uttered by a deliberative body.

He himself voted for it. He united with the opposite party, and voted with them to carry out the base designs of an arrant usurper. His vote and influence were lent to strike the most fatal blow ever aimed at American liberty. His name will descend to posterity as one who aided in plunging this nation into a war of conquest, rapine, and slaughter—a war which has already deluged a sister republic in blood, and if not soon arrested, must bury in oblivion the last vestiges of our Constitution. This was not a mere hasty act of Mr. Winthrop, of which he repented upon mature deliberation. On the contrary, he subsequently in his public speeches attempted an elaborate justification of these acts, and continued his official support of the war up to the day on which I was called on to vote for him to the responsible office of Speaker. With these facts before me, had I voted for him, would I not thereby have sanctioned his course on this subject? Destructive of the Constitution as I considered his acts, could I, with any regard to the oath I had taken, vote for him? Let a candid and unbiassed people judge. Would I not by supporting him have approved of his course on this subject of the war? Would not I by voting for him tacitly have said to the world, that his policy was right and his course meritorious? I may be in error, but I feel that I should have lent my sanction to a continuance of this war by voting for him, while I was conscious that his official influence would be lent in favour of continuing the work of bloodshed in Mexico. That I *could not do*, The blood of those who shall hereafter perish in this unholy crusade against the rights of man, shall never stain my garments. No part of the moral guilt of this war shall rest upon my constituents by any act of their present Representative. Those were my feelings at the time, and I frankly expressed them to my friends. But I was told that Mr. Winthrop had changed his views in relation to supporting this war. After mature reflection and consultation with others who entertained views similar to my own, and for the purpose, if possible, of gaining such information as would in good faith enable us to vote for Mr. Winthrop, my honourable friend from Massachusetts (Mr. Palfrey) addressed to him most respectful inquiries on this subject as well as some others. He distinctly asked Mr. Winthrop, whether it was his intention, if elected Speaker, so to arrange the Committees of Ways and Means, and that on the Judiciary, as to insure reports in favour of arresting the existing war? To this Mr. Winthrop gave no direct answer, but referred us to his votes for an indication of the course he should pursue. This reference was saying in direct language that he should so arrange said Committees as to have reports in favour of continuing the war; for such had been the votes to which he referred. Mr. Palfrey further inquired whether it were Mr. Winthrop's intention so to arrange the Committees on the District of Columbia and on the Judiciary as to have reports in favour of repealing the laws of Congress which involve the people of the free States in supporting the slave trade now carried on in this District! On this point he gave no direct answer, but referred to his former votes and acts.

Having thus exhausted every means of convincing myself that the influence of Mr. Winthrop if elected would not be in favour of arresting the effusion of human blood now going on in Mexico, and to restore to the people of Ohio and of the free States their Constitutional rights of being exempt from the support of that traffic in human flesh which now disgraces the nation; and believing before heaven that if elected he would so arrange those Committees as to continue the war and the slave trade, I had no alternative left but to surrender the dictates of my conscience and judgment, my independence as a Representative, and indeed my own self respect, to the dictates of my party friends, and vote for Mr. Winthrop, or I must oppose his election.

The duty was painful. I saw before me the attacks which were then threatened, and which have since followed. I was perfectly aware that the blood-hounds of party would be let loose upon me; but had I faltered in my course on that account, I should have forfeited your confidence and the respect of all good men. Nothing short of stern necessity could have induced me on that occasion to separate from so many personal and political friends. They however felt confident that Mr. Winthrop would so constitute the Committees I have mentioned as to insure reports in favour of arresting the war. Otherwise they would not have supported him; nor could he have been elected. On this point we separated. Upon those worthy friends we cast no imputation. They are as sincere and as patriotic as I profess to be. I could not interfere in the discharge of their duties, nor could I permit them to control my action; and it is but an act of justice that I should say, they manifested no desire to do so. To our own masters we must each stand or fall.—We honestly differed on a matter of evidence.—Time will soon disclose which of us was correct, and which in error. I pray heaven that the error may be found to rest on me, and that my friends may show themselves to have formed correct expectations of Mr. Winthrop's course.

I would not be understood as saying anything in derogation of Mr. Winthrop's personal character.—He is a gentleman of the first order of talents, and of highly cultivated mind. To me, and so far as I know to all others, he has ever shown himself kind and courteous. My objections were solely to his political views and official acts, nor would I have spoken of them had not duty to myself compelled me to it.

I do not understand Mr. Winthrop as holding this war to be necessary or just; but I understand him to believe that public sentiment required its commencement and continuance. I think no such feeling pervades the public mind, and if it did, I could not be made the instrument of carrying it out. I regard the sacrifice of each life in this war an actual murder, attended with all the moral guilt of that crime; and although no human laws can reach those who have lent their aid and influence to send more than thirty thousand of our fellow-beings to untimely graves; yet they must stand convicted at the bar of moral accountability. Is it asked, who are thus responsible? I answer, every man who has aided by his vote or influence to bring about this wholesale murder so long carried on in Mexico, or to continue the work of massacre and rapine now going forward there. Before our courts of justice, if a man be proven to have stood quietly by and witness a murder which he could have prevented, he is deemed guilty of the crime, and must expiate his guilt upon the gallows. How infinitely must the guilt of those who have brought this war upon us, and who continue it, transcend that of him who cuts short a single life, and clothes a single family in the habiliments of grief. Sir, before heaven I declare that I cannot denounce Mr. Polk as guilty of such unparalleled crime in bringing this war upon our nation, and then turn round and vote for a man to the office of Speaker of the House of Representatives, who to this day has lent his vote and official influence to bring forward and carry out the same measures. Tell me not that others think differently. They act for themselves, not for me; nor can I justify myself before the Omnipotent Judge by referring to their example. God has given me an intellect and a conscience to guide my conduct, and I cannot disregard their dictates with impunity. Official station imposes upon no man obligations to incur moral guilt.

Perhaps your readers may not be generally aware of the great influence which a Speaker exerts over the policy of the body over which he presides.—For instance, Mr. Winthrop had it in his power to have placed on the Committee of Ways and Means, and of Foreign Affairs, men who would have made able and unanswerable reports in favour of withdrawing our army from Mexico. Such reports would have given great influence to that measure both in Congress and throughout the nation. He could also have placed on the Committee upon the District of Columbia, and on the Judiciary, men who would have made reports upon the slave-trade of this district, which would have awakened the nation to its horrors, and soon relieved humanity from that suffering which is inflicted upon those wretched beings who are now the victims of that traffic. For I assure you that upon reports of existing facts, officially made to the House of Representatives, not five members north of Mason's and Dixon's line would vote to continue it. Thus the Speaker forms the entire character of those Committees. He moulds them as he pleases, and they are supposed to speak his views. Their acts will declare to the world the principles which guided their formation. Will those Committees, constituted by a son of New England, report in favour of granting men and money to continue the work of rapine and slaughter? Will they stifle the voice of humanity, and suffer the slave-trade in this city to go unrebuked? Shall the voice of philanthropy, as it comes from old Massachusetts, in the form of petitions be entombed by a committee, formed, constituted, and arranged for that purpose, by one of her most cherished sons? I believed that such would be the case if Mr. Winthrop were elected; and I therefore opposed his election. Feeling conscious of these facts, I could not contribute my vote to procure such a state of things. You say I was "*unreasonable* and *perverse*." I appeal from this censure to the judgment of an enlightened people. If I have misjudged, the history of the present session of Congress will make my error so palpably manifest, that the people will fully understand it. On the other hand, if I have judged correctly; if I have founded my action upon the principles of unerring truth, my vindication is in no degree doubtful.—Tell me not of the Whig party, and of Whig caucuses! It is time that American Statesmen should base their action upon principles other than that of blind obedience to party dictation: if they do not, coming events must shake them from their foundations.

The present session of Congress *will* constitute an interesting chapter in the biography of many public men.

In 1844 Mr. Clay frankly avowed his sentiments in regard to this war, and the subject of Slavery, which were then, as now, the great questions before the country. His views of our Constitutional powers and obligations on these subjects corresponded with my own. I fully believed he would carry them out if elected. I therefore advocated his election, and felt that it was the duty of all who *held to the same principles* to sustain him. Mr. Winthrop would avow no principles upon those two great questions which now overshadow all others. But his votes and public acts had shown his views in regard to the war to be in direct opposition to my own, and to those which I am sure that nine-tenths of those whom I represent entertain. By supporting Mr. Clay, I supported my own views and the views of my constituents. By supporting Mr. Winthrop, I should have contributed my vote to overthrow my own principles, and those which my people deem more important than any other that has or will come before us at this session of Congress. The same rule which constrained me to sustain Mr. Clay, compelled me to oppose Mr. Winthrop.

A few words in regard to the election of Clerk will close this letter. You will recollect that in March, 1842, I presented to the House of Representatives, certain resolutions, denying the Constitutional power of Congress to involve the people of the free States in the support of the coast-wise slave-

trade. For thus daring to assert the Constitutional rights of the North, a resolution of censure was passed upon me, and I was driven from my seat in Congress. Mr. Campbell, the candidate for Clerk, was then a member of this body, and voted for my censure. If I recollect correctly, you also expressed your approval of that outrage, and the influence of the Herald was lent to oppose my re-election. I do not refer to these facts for the purpose of calling up unpleasant recollections; far from it. I then entertained no doubt of your sincerity in assailing me for having asserted principles which all lawyers and jurists now admit to be Constitutional law: and which no slaveholder to this day has had the moral courage to deny in the face of the nation. But I wish to say that the majority in the House of Representatives who voted to censure me on that occasion, was more than twenty times as large as that in favour of Mr. Winthrop's election. That transaction, however, has passed into the legislative history of the country. And now after it had escaped the recollection of those who were then present, and who are now members of Congress, Mr. Campbell was presented to the Whig caucus as a candidate for Clerk, strongly recommended by the delegation from his own State. The fact that he had thus voted for my censure, occurred to no one at the meeting, and he was nominated. I have good authority for saying that if it had been known he could not have received the nomination.

I considered that vote of Mr. Campbell to have evinced such a disregard of the Constitution as to exclude him from my support. My constituents at the time expressed their views of those who committed that flagrant violation of the Constitution, in such emphatic language as to leave me in no doubt as to their desires on the subject. This, Sir, was the only reason why I withheld my vote from Mr. Campbell. And if I had others, I do not think it would be necessary to state them.

Very respectfully,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

Washington City, Dec. 25, 1847.

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ILLINOIS FREEDOM AND HUMANITY.—The following paragraph we find in the Pittsfield (Pike county) Free Press. Is it possible that we have people in this State, so heartless and soulless that they will sell a poor blind woman and her child at auction! But the law sanctions it—the law made by the votes of the people, the people of the whole State.—*Western Citizen.*

A NOVEL SCENE.—On Saturday last, at the door of the Court House, in Pittfield, a scene new to many of our citizens, was witnessed. We drew near and noticed a negro woman nearly or quite blind, and a negro girl ten or twelve years of age, exposed at public sale for jail fees. The service of the girl was sold at one dollar per month, for the term of one year as we understood; no bidders for the blind woman, who we understood was the mother of the child.

These blacks were taken up by Robert Reed, living near Perry, as runaway slaves, and no owner having appeared to claim them within the time allotted by law, they were exposed to public sale by the sheriff, for the expenses of their involuntary confinement, costs, &c.

The mother will have to go to the poor house and become a county charge. Mr. Reed will have the satisfaction, if any it be, of separating a mother and child, and of imposing a constantly accruing bill of costs upon our county.—*Pike Co. Free Press.*

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# Communications.

### Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

'Tis said the darkest hour of night
Is just before the morning light;
And who with care and grief opprest,
Unto himself has not confest
The anguish of his heart was known
The moment ere that grief had flown.

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER:—It is whispered by the Angel of Hope, that "the clouds which lower o'er our house" are the harbingers of a better day, and under the stimulus of such a pleasing intimation we assume the grateful task of placing on record a few of the leading incidents of the anniversary meeting of the religious Society of Friends, of Philadelphia and parts adjacent, for the instruction and encouragement of those who love the truth for its own sake, and not for the changeful breath of man. This religious body has heretofore exercised a moral influence upon this continent, somewhat similar to that which has been accorded to the Yearly Meeting of London over the British Isles, and the peculiar aspect which it now presents is eminently calculated to elicit a variety of conflicting views on the part of some who feel a deep and abiding interest in the maintenance of its ancient and honourable position.

The assemblage, at Green street meeting-house, was large, and distinguished by the many, whose intellectual and moral developments were so strikingly exhibited as to create an irresistible impression that we were surrounded by an order of men whose ancestors had drank much and perilled all to enunciate and establish religious truths which they felt to be essential to their happiness, and the observance of which would promote the welfare and felicity of the human race. That on Cherry street, where the female members met to exercise their rights and transact that portion of labour which claims their share of peculiar and appropriate duty, we are told, presented an interesting picture of intelligence and beauty; and the faithful and living exercises of our female Friends gave an assurance that there are many self-sacrificing and devoted Lucretias there, and that the cause of truth is indeed with them onwards and upwards.

Several public speakers occupied considerable time in the men's meeting in relieving their minds, defining their position, and in preparing the minds of some of the weaker brethren for the weighty affairs which were likely to be presented, when the clerk read as usual the opening minute.

Reports were received from all of the Quarterly Meetings, and all of them were of a highly interesting character. The names of those who had been selected at these Quarterly Meetings to serve as representatives here, were called, and it was very pleasant to perceive that a few only were absent. The minutes of several valuable ministers from other Yearly Meetings, who were present, were read, and we recognized the innocent and open faces of some whose services were so acceptable at the meeting of the previous year. It would be difficult to individualize those who by their serious deportment, and Christian counsel, contributed so impressively to maintain the dignity and solemnity of this large assembly as it passed through its various exercises, many of which were of a very peculiar, and some of them were of a very trying, character.

The Epistles from these Yearly Meetings which correspond with us, were all received. That from New York dwelt upon the value of such communications when made under right authority, and it assumed that without *such authority* no Yearly Meeting of the religious Society of Friends ought to send them. There was much in that truthful Epistle which came as a salutation of sorrow—a sad lament over the apparent deficiencies of many of the members, and particularly in neglecting the attendance of its meetings, and the query arose whether the bitter spirit of persecution which has appeared to pass as a simoom over that Yearly Meeting, has not proved too oppressive for some,—whether it has not driven many of "the little ones" to seek the mountain clove—the verdant valley or the sunny plain, for "a quiet habitation," for *that peace* which they had ceased to find in the meeting-house, which was once to these the house of prayer, and whether the time is afar off when some of the sincere but mistaken officials there, will be willing to enter into a deeper self-examination, and to ask "by what power have they done this," and we are clear in the conviction that some of them will be led to exclaim with that erring but nobly gifted poet:

"The thorns I reaped are from the tree
I planted; they pierce me and I bleed:
I should have better known what fruit
Would spring from such a seed."

And as we know like causes will always produce like effects, it may be useful for *some of their sympathizers here* to take instruction home to their bosoms, and remember that "there is balm in Gilead," "there is a physician there" "who can minister to the mind diseased, and from the heart pluck out the rooted sorrow."

The close of this Epistle was the occasion of many and varied emotions. He whose signature it bore is numbered with the silent dead, and as the familiar name of Thomas Wright fell upon the ear of memory it recalled the light of many summers, when his warm and cordial friendship and his frank and generous hospitality cheered and enlivened the circle in which he moved. On the eastern slope of yonder hill, which overlooks the beautiful and beneficent city of Hudson, thou wilt find his peaceful grave, and there we also trace the little hillock which marks the undisturbed repose of his humble and exalted kinsman.

Ocean-wide, in difference, as their views were with respect to the means most eligible to promote the great cause of truth and righteousness on earth—to break the fetters and alleviate the woes of suffering humanity—it is consoling to know and to feel that their intentions were the same; and He, whose open eye takes cognizance of the motives of men, and of the circumstances which incite to human action, unto each has given a just reward.

The Epistle from Baltimore Yearly Meeting was an interesting production; it took the ancient ground of the religious Society of Friends that divine assistance was the only sure foundation on which the transactions of the Yearly Meeting should be based, and where the business is conducted under this sanctifying influence each becomes a strength to its subordinate branches. The interest which it expressed in the cause of education and in those efforts which are now attracting public attention, and which are directed ostensibly to the present and prospective benefit of the family of man, served as balm to many a wounded spirit, and supplied an evidence that the writer of that Epistle was no laggard in the school of Christ.

The deep concern which it represented that Yearly Meeting as still cherishing on the subject of Slavery, and the earnest hope which it expressed that all of its members would be faithful, and in this faithfulness be careful not to compromise our peaceful testimonies, was so consonant with the essential principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and was such a lesson of pure Christian abolition, that the sympathies of many were deeply enlisted, and when it was seen that this firm and faithful exhortation came from the city of Baltimore—that sorrowful pit of oppression—as an echo from the walls of that wretched Bastile, where that martyr of liberty—the devoted Torrey—passed from earth to Heaven, we were led to remember that nobleman of nature—that bold and intrepid friend of the coloured race—Elisha Tyson; and the idea was vividly present that the morning sun which witnessed the penning of that Epistle must have added freshness to the verdure of his honoured grave.

The efforts of this Yearly Meeting in behalf of the Indian, which have been wisely directed to educate the female, to improve her condition and to elevate her character, were represented as very encouraging, and that Committee has been continued to labour as way may open for farther usefulness.

The Epistle from Genesee was of the same general character as that from Baltimore, and gave a lively evidence that the true ground of Christian principle was the sheet-anchor of hope in that Yearly Meeting, and that the slave and the Indian, the suffering and the dumb, were ever present in their prayerful remembrance, and as a consequence, the crown and the diadem of that Yearly Meeting, through its varied sessions, was a sweet manifestation of love and unity.

The Epistle from Ohio Yearly Meeting acknowledged with Christian humility many deficiencies, an evidence of a healthful and hopeful condition, and among the first fruits of its Committee on Slavery was an address which had been circulated among the members, a copy of which had been forwarded to each of the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with it, and so deep was the interest felt in that Yearly Meeting on the subject of Slavery, that this address claimed special notice in its Epistle to ours, and its reading in connection with that Epistle was desired by many Friends, and it was objected to by a few others on the ground that it would not be in order, and it was even urged that it ought to be handed over to "the Meeting for Sufferings," to be placed among its papers.

Those dear brethren who assumed an objective position, exhibited much firmness and tact in the management of this matter, but the tide of righteous Anti-Slavery feeling was too strong and too honestly indicated to be resisted openly and boldly, and as a palliative, it was agreed, for the present, to lay it on the table.

Those who are not familiar with the character and composition of this "Meeting for Sufferings," or Representative Committee as it has been usual to term it since "the separation," may be informed that it was once a very useful agent of the Society—that it represents the Yearly Meeting in its recess, and attends to its worldly interests, and, at an early period, when the influence of the hireling Priest was nearly absolute, and exerted a despotic sway over the feelings, and gave tone and character to the actions of the thoughtless and the ignorant, and the members of this religious Society were actual sufferers at the instance of these "Anxious Enquirers" after the pocket and pompous teachers of a delusive Christianity, this Meeting for Sufferings was a very important body; but the firmness and consistency of our enlightened predecessors so powerfully arrested the attention and awakened the dormant energies of the common mind, that the original object of its appointment, as indicated by its name, has nearly disappeared. And so entirely had the character of this Committee changed, that its unbidden labours became, instead of a relief, an occasion of suffering, and an oppressive burden to many of the gentle spirits and tender hearts of the Society, and nothing short of a reorganization of this Yearly Meeting, upon its original basis, could rid it of the incubus; hence the softer name of a Representative Committee was adopted to satisfy a large majority of the members, who feel an extreme delicacy, and look with a prudent, cautious eye, upon the movement of that body. These cannot forget "the hole of the pit from whence they have been digged," and, while they would "learn obedience from the things which they have suffered," they have no yearnings for the fleshpots of Egypt," "neither would they sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, nor give their heritage to another." And as this Committee often embraces the skilful physician, the learned lawyer, and the successful merchant, a combination of talent admirably adapted to execute its worldly business, but *a combination extremely dangerous* when left exclusively to manage its spiritual concerns—it was therefore seen and felt by many Friends, that it would be an injudicious step, to turn over the fruits of this religious concord to the hands of a Committee, where some of its members might have a direct personal interest in smothering it from *the nature of their every day business connections*, and particularly when it was seen that from some of its most influential members of that Committee, came the first note of opposition to the reading of that address, and the suggestion to take it under its special care. The position of some of these dear brethren supplies a solemn warning that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and that the path of the pure and humble Christian, is lined with right hand as well as left hand errors. The Indiana Epistle was a very acceptable document, and while it expressed an acknowledgment of deficiencies in all of the branches, with respect to the faithful support of our religious testimonies—such a state as would be likely to fellowship the slaveholder, and lead some of them to overlook his legal relation to his female slave—a position, by the unholy sanction of a barbarous and a wicked law, more horrible than that of the libertine to the harlot, and unrebuked, to suffer some of them to exclaim with a *friendly grip*, "God be with thee, and we will," yet there is a redeeming spirit of life among them, and this committee on the the African race has made a very satisfactory report, was continued and encouraged to farther labour.

These Epistles supplied a fair exposition of the moral and religious condition of the respective bodies from which they emanated, and it was instructed to see that the influence of the timid and the time-serving, was not in the ascendant, that the scales have fallen from the eyes of many, and that the misty cloud of Slavery does not still rest upon all of our religious tabernacles; that in three of them at most, the patient and humble bardens-bearers are permitted to go rejoicing on their way. The Committee appointed to reply to them, embraced some of the best minds and purest hearts of our Yearly Meeting, and the result appeared to be satisfactory to the exercised members.

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### Opposition to Slavery—Whence and Why?

Abolitionism has not risen up among you anonymously, but philosophically, and in perfect harmony with the spirit of the age, and the spirit of the people among whom it exists. It has never had a throb of existence, nor will it have one, but what is enforced by moral consideration. The fearless way in which devotion to liberty shows itself in New England, can never, I fear, be comprehended in the South, except as a perfect idiosyncrasy." Our scissors have again cut into the Courier's very sensible Letters of the "Northern Man with Southern Citizenship;" not for the purpose of reviewing or criticising them, but for a short comment upon the few sentences here illuminated. A Southern-born and Southern-bred man, even with Northern citizenship, is seldom if ever brought to see what this Northern man with Southern citizenship, though a defender of Slavery, sees at once, that an Anti-Slavery feeling appears philosophically, and in perfect harmony with the spirit of the age. And we cannot help asking him the question, if Abolitionism be thus the *natural child* of the times, must not the actual abolition of Slavery be the legitimate, necessary offspring of the marriage about to be consummated between this philosophical child of the age, and the spirit of the people among whom it exists?

We believe that from the loins of the Age there shall yet spring free-born and hearty, the giant Genius of Universal Emancipation. Then the peculiar way in which devotion to liberty shows itself in New England, now incomprehensible at the South, except as a perfect idiosyncrasy, may possibly be understood and appreciated, by the existence and power of the same devotion to liberty there.—The South now, are just in the state of men who have been spending a long night on the Sound in the vitiated air of one of our steamboats. They feel restless, languid, and feverish, yet they know not why. But let them rise up into the breezy morning air of liberty; let them snuff awhile the invigorating gales of freedom that are sweeping all fresh from Mr. Marsh's Green Mountains, and then let them attempt to go down again, where they worried through the night, and they will quickly learn what made them so uneasy. And yet forsooth, the South, still below, will call to us upon deck, that their air is as good as ours, and will gravely contend that they breathe only that foul atmosphere which has become so natural to them that they do not mind it, and that they are better able to judge of the moral bearings of Slavery than we are who do not know what Slavery is. As if a man must be a sinner in the very act, in order to have the best discernment of what is sinful; as if it were sinning in a matter, that made ore a better judge of its sinfulness, than being without sin; which would make Satan, with his long experience only in wrong doing, a more suitable judge of right and wrong, than Gabriel is with his long experience in doing only right.

What sensible man would admit such reasoning on any other subject for a moment? And yet it is not a whit more justifiable on Slavery, the nature and effect of which on slaveholders is such that they are not in a fit state to judge of its moral bearings, until they separate themselves and come out from it. Whatever we ourselves practice, or hold to in opinion, we cannot but be loth to condemn. We need to throw off or get quite unloosed from the meshes of our own error and sophistry, before we can unravel its entanglements or find out how they came to be so wound around us. Hence it is that we at the North, disconnected personally with Slavery, and somewhat removed from the immediate sphere of its depraving influence, are better able to judge of the right and wrong of the system, are in a better state for the weighing of argument and evidence, and applying to Slavery the test of the Bible, than it is possible for our Southern brethren to be. And we owe it to them as a duty, to do our utmost by calm moral argumentation, by protest, and by the withdrawal of our fellowship with them as Christians, if other means fail, in order to convince them of the wrongfulness of their position and practice, and if possible, as possible it certainly is, thus to reach the Southern conscience.

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### Letter from Valentine Nicholson.

HARVEYSBURG, Jan. 22d, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND GAY:—The enclosed article is offered for publication. It had its origin as follows:—In the course of the last eighteen months, Wm. L. Keys, (who, by the way, is a member of one of the most respectable families in Hillsborough, the capital of Highland county, in this State,) obtained the hand of a beautiful and accomplished young lady of much fairer complexion than himself, and of *virtue* and moral character unimpeached, so far as my own information has extended. Yet there seemed to be sufficient cause for the snuffing and quick-scented professors of American *Republicanism* and American *Religion* to raise quite a howl, and to bay upon the track of this young couple sometimes, and at other times to stand with backs bowed up, bristles raised, and lips and nose brought up to the snarling or growling point. Does the reader wonder why? I need only *begin* to tell and all will be understood. When the emanations from the *will* of the "God of the spirits of all flesh" come to be traced back through the lineal descent of his creature man, it is found that the line of descent in the case of this young lady can be traced to ancestry who were subject to the influences of a warm climate; and this startling fact can be proved to have been only a few generations back. The complexion of the lady is fair as the lovely Circassian; and the lineage of friend Keys goes off in the *creditable* direction which we call Anglo-(something) *Saxon*, I guess is the word—though he is almost as *tawney* as the American Indian. Then "give ear, O ye Heavens, and I will speak, and hear, O earth, the words my mouth." In this nineteenth century, on the continent of North America, in the State of Ohio, and county of Highland, a young man, a thorough bred Anglo-Saxon, marries a wife more fair and beautiful than himself, and for thus committing the "unpardonable sin," he, and she, are both liable to the scoffs, and scorn, of the *shepherds* and their *flocks*, of the present day, though, at the same time, claiming to be followers of the meek, and lowly spirit of Jesus Christ.

Having been somewhat acquainted with my friend Keys before his marriage, and having learned some of the facts which his communication contains, in a private conversation, I requested him to embody those facts in writing. He therefore hastily penned the enclosed and forwarded it to me, with liberty to make such use of it as I might feel inclined to,

Thine, and the friend of mankind,
VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

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HIGHLAND COUNTY, Dec. 23d 1847.

DEAR FRIEND:—The humble individual whose name is signed to the following, proceeds, according to promise, to pen a few items in relation to some matters of comparatively recent occurrence in which he was an actor, but in so doing proposes not to treat of any deed of barbarism like those once so common in our country, but mainly of a chilling something called neglect, of which he conceives he has been made the unoffending subject; for you know a sensitive person may be victimized by the "proud man's contumely" equally as with the sticks and stones of a mob. But as the person who addresses you may survive the potent neglect of the upstarts who would shower it upon him, expect not therefore that swan-like he is about to sing a parting jeremaid over his woes. Instead of this, he knows not but the philosophy of the Emerald Isle may so far actuate him as to cause his transformation, like one of the Masonic emblems, into cross Keys; and if by the agency of unforeseen causes he *should* die off, like Ireland's favorite bird, to let the last kick be with the *gaff*, and aimed at the heads of those who would prostrate him. It is his purpose, therefore, to utter not a word of complaint.

"The son of Alkanomook shall never complain;" much less will he haul down his colours. Freemen may know how to die, but should never surrender.

Without further preface, then be it known, that on the 16th of December, 1846, he married a young lady of good family and unblemished reputation, having a slight admixture of African blood in her veins, but so slight as not to be perceptable to the minutest observer. But ye Gods, and little fishes! what a prodigious clatter was occasioned thereby. Had he been the Duc de Montpensier, and she the Infanta of Spain, these could not have rocked Europe with greater commotion, than they did the little county of their birth—a county, be it it remarked, limited in resources, but mighty in aspirations, and which it will be no disparagement to say, can do up the wind-work of an enterprise in a manner which in the language of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq. Master of Ceremonies, Bath, "is, to say the least, re—markable." It actually seemed as though the roof of the mouths of such of the Gossip family as dwelt within her limits, would have to be *bushed*, so great was the wear and tear to which they were subjected by the endless play of their tongues. And no wonder, for not only was the pure current of Anglo Saxon blood, flowing through the veins of the undersigned like to be contaminated, yet who knows but his proceedings might be fraught with danger to our glorious Union?—But notwithstanding all this and much more, the enterprise went on. And though *his* heart and that of his "lady love" were united, and they had plighted their mutual faith; (which when duly attested seemed to constitute the sum and substance of what of ceremony may be necessary to constitute marriage,) yet the forms of society requiring something more, an effort was made to procure the benediction of some Man of God upon the matter—a task of more difficulty than may at first be imagined.—A Catholic priest, when applied to, was beset with scruples because neither of the parties belonged to his church. (Whether this was his real motive God only knows.) A Baptist ditto least he might incur the ill will of the subscriber's friends, and this though the person soliciting his services had contributed towards the erection of his church; though the lady herself had been brought up in his denomination; and last but not least, though the reverend gentleman was a [F] Liberty voter. [F] At length, however, after much persuasion, during which the gentleman in question underwent a grievous transformation, and was changed into a Knight of the Rueful Countenance, he at length consented, the ceremony was pronounced, in due form, with a degree of *empressment* th at was quite refreshing under the circumstances, and they were made happy in each other's love. But the reception consequent upon all this tendered the undersigned, by his friends and the public, was various, as will soon appear. His own relations, near and otherwise, together with his father's family, constitute, excepting himself, the bulk of the Liberty voters of their section of the county, and are considered among the most intelligent and liberal of their party. Now from the subjoined items, their remissness, in this particular will be seen, (to borrow a comparison from the culinary department,) protruding with a prominence characterizing nothing so much as the *leg of a dinner-pot*. By none of the members of the above family was the hand of social welcome at first extended. By two (one of whom is a Liberty voter and has been run for office by his party,) *never*. By one near relation with whom he stood on terms of the closest intimacy, who votes the ticket, and seems in most things else liberal and enlightened, an invitation for an interchange of social civilities was promptly enough tendered and as promptly complied with, but account for it as you may, met with no return, until after the lapse of between eight or ten months, and then only by a visit, if such it may be called, of some two hours in length. The undersigned's other relations, voting that ticket regularly, or occasionally, have continued mute in this matter, or if they spoke at all, their remarks were reluctantly *squeezed* out accompanied by various *ifs* and *draw-backs* such as "if it were not for so and so they would be happy, &c. &c." Now were it worth while to shed any more ink over such people, it were well to note, that the obstacles here so flippantly adverted to, have long since disappeared, yet with a degree of complacency, bordering on the sublime, they remain mute as before. But let it pass. Such is the sum and substance of the party's *good* treatment* *hereabouts* of one of its former members. The *bad* treatment (which has been the kind received in most cases not above specified,) has been a uniform course of studied neglect, withering contempt, (or what was meant for it,) and insulting rudeness.

Some of your humble servant's friends possessed of more self-esteem than steadiness, evinced uncommon zeal in his cause prior to his marriage, but an equal want of it, coupled with a commendable degree of exclusiveness subsequently, insomuch that whenever he meets with one of them, no matter how leisurely he may have been just employed, presto! he becomes suddenly endued with some of the properties of *hen-teeth*, for should the wind unfortunately be light, with the trained dexterity of a reefer, he shakes out his studding sails, luffs, and bears away, and thus become surprisingly *scarce*, in a remarkably short space of time. Now if by reason of the stress of the times, any of them should be driven, dismantled, into an unfriendly port, and that most dire of sublumary ills, namely—*a stoppage of the liquor*—should befall them, and they should therefore, in a fit of despair, go and hang themselves, let us hope that some slight memento of their affection may survive their exit, for if through the agency of this vicissitude, or that of some other equally fatal, such as

"The wind or the weather
Or some damned thing or other,
They should pop off the hooks
And we see them no more,"

nor even a vestige that they onced flourished, and the question: where they died when they went to? should thrust itself upon us, in all its startling import, how *could* we abide the shock, or console ourselves for their loss?

This cavalier treatment, but more especially that of the Liberty party, had the same effect on the community as that which the Quakers awarded the early Abolitionists. The former were considered *par-excellence*, the exponents of Anti-Slavery; when, therefore, *they* gave the cold shoulder, much more did those without give it, accompanied with the trimmings. A fire that will burn the green tree, will of course consume the dry. Perhaps it will be urged, by way of extenuation, that amalgamation, (if amalgamation it may be called where the proscribed party is the whitest,) formed no part of the creed of the early Abolitionists. To this, let it be replied, that moral rectitude formed a part of their creed, and that *exemption from those qualities which best adorn the pig-stye*, seemed to be as fully understood as *sugar-house molasses*, to *buckwheat cakes*, in the lucid and somewhat noted attempt of the urchin to parse the latter, in one of those useful institutions of this truly great country, wherein the birch rules "with undisputed sway," quickening into life the inert fancies of the hopeful scions of republicanism there congregated. The treatment, however, of this same community may be disposed of in a paragraph. A portion of the pro-slavery Presbyterians, with whom the subscriber formerly stood connected, in church fellowship, seem to regard him with a ludicrous admixture of vinegar and compassion. Where the former predominates, the mutual reflections of the two people appear different. He seems to be thinking of the refreshing gusto with which they could whine a "six-mile prayer or half-mile grace," over the avails of somebody's cradle, plundered in their behalf, and of the destruction that would inevitably await an unfortunate *tenpenny nail*, should it happen between their teeth at so important a conjuncture. While *they* appear, with Oliver Walcott's disconsolate parson, to be mentally ejaculating: "May God confound thee thou d—d stupid elf," and piously to be wishing that said "elf" were, like a fine lady, devoted to satin (Satan),

*These remarks must not be understood as applying to the members of the party elsewhere.

and as piously resolving thus to devote him when opportunity may offer, carrying, as everybody knows they do, the key of Heaven's very portal in their breeches pocket. Now when piety gives itself such airs, what may be expected from hôtel keepers, hurrah boys, rabid Locofocos, swinish Whigs, broken-down hangers-on at the public crib, fops, flirts, &c. &c.? Is it to be wondered at that these worthies should freeze him with their neglect, sting him with their contumely, or cozen him with their knavery, when he essays to indulge in pleasure or business?—that some of them cast upon him the loving regards a wolf is accustomed to throw upon a kid, or to change the figure—a weasel on the wandering occupant of the barn-yard?

Why should his friends and the public treat him thus cavalierly? Is it a crime for any one to marry the woman of his choice; merely because a portion of her ancestors settled in a more inhospitable clime than that in which his settled, though she should chance to unite in her person the grace of Hebe with the symmetry of Cinderella; and when compared with those who scorn her, should seem a Hyperion to a Satyr, or what is of infinitely more importance, be adorned with maidenly reserve and moral worth? If it be no crime, then has he brought no real disgrace on his friends and acquaintances, and therefore enters his solemn protest against all this pharasaical proscription, and cavalier exclusiveness. Let it not, however, be for a moment supposed that he is surprised at anything of all this. He is surprised at nothing American, looking in this direction. Living as Americans do under the "stars and stripes," it seems natural to them to torture their victims with "stripes" until they see "stars." Nothing further is therfore submitted, in this connection, as such a procedure seems superfluous.

But dark, indeed, must be that picture which has no bright side to relieve its gloom. Although he has experienced the most chilling neglect from those of whom he expected something better, yet with others, chiefly with the poor of this world, it has been far otherwise.—From a few names of the unsophisticated and the unpretending of the neighbourhood and town, (Hillsborough,) has he experienced naught but kindness. And even Southern slaveholders have shown the family much attention prior to his connection with it, among whom may be enumerated the bosom friends of some of the honourable and distinguished of the Old Dominion, whom it is unnecessary here to specify. For each and all of those, he will ever cherish a grateful remembrance.

He has thus endeavoured to submit a brief outline of that which, however it may be viewed by others, was matter of absorbing interest with him. If his friends or the public choose not his society, they can seek that of others more congenial to their dignified, liberal, and Christian selves. Meanwhile he hopes they will allow him to bask in the warm sunshine, to breathe Heaven's pure air, and to revel in the sweets of connubial love, or, in other words, to do as he may please, without wearing out shoe-leather running after a committee of their High Mightinesses to consult them in relation to these matters, any more than he would the number of beans he might put in his porridge.

Yours, for a nearer approach to social equality,
WM. LYLE KEYS.

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HASTINGS, Jan. 23d. 1848.

FRIEND GAY:—The arrival of E. D. Hudson and Lewis Hayden was hailed with joy by the few friends of freedom that reside in Oswego county. There has never been much of the old school Anti-Slavery here. Wm. W. Brown passed through here last winter; he did a good work, and paved the way for others. J. C. Hathaway and C. L. Remond gave us a call on their western route last fall, which resulted in an awakening of the public mind, and drove the people to their positions and fortresses, and set them to examining their strong holds of defence, and calculating how they might resist Truth, Justice, and Right. We, therefore, had abundant reasons to rejoice at the appearance of these champions of Liberty, hoping that the seeds of Anti-Slavery truth they might scatter, would fall on the broken ground, and spring up and bear fruit; and we trust we shall not be disappointed. As a matter of course, they found the cloven foot of prejudice to contend with here, as elsewhere; but, thanks to the power of Truth, they were armed and equipped to battle for the right; and many a foe has been vanquished, or left the field. We entertain no doubts, that it will be admitted by all who have listened to the cogent reasonings of E. D. Hudson, that he was amply qualified for his mission, that his aims were sure at either Church or State, and the wounded hind was soon discovered. Lewis Hayden's honesty, simplicity, and position commend him to every heart; while his pathetic appeals for his brethren in bonds, seem sufficient to move a world to the rescue. At one meeting a Protestant Methodist priest arose in opposition, and displayed a great deal of fury and zeal, determined to break down the infidel; but the event showed that he had more wind than ballast, for he could not maintain a single point; and it was apparent to his hearers that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. He said, he was born a Methodist—had been a presiding elder—occupies a very exalted position in his own eyes—declared the Church to be a unit—and he had as much Anti-Slavery as any one, &c.—He sees not the necessity of being born again lest he perish. A subsequent meeting he held for religious worship, where he taught the people the way to Heaven, he said: "These reformers are like old sows, putting their noses in other folks' swill-pails, not knowing what was in them." Now, what all housekeepers understand by swill-pail, is a vessel to receive all the refuse and slops of the house not proper or fit for the family to eat for food, and cast it to the swine, who eat it with avidity. Now, if we understand the Reverend gentleman in this comparison, he says that the Church is a receiver of all the refuse, and all that is vile and unwholesome, and not proper for the children to eat. Yet he says, by his words and actions, he will call it good, and denounce all those who wish to purify and reform her. He then says, these reformers do not know what they will find when they go into the Church. Aye! they do know by their learning what they will find there. They know that they will find War and Slavery sanctioned and baptized there, with all its consequent misery and crime. Surely the Reverend gentleman was right when he compared it to a place of uncleanness. At another place a Baptist minister said he had washed his hands clean from Slavery, but he still continues to administer the cup, and break the bread to Whigs and Locos. Oh, consistency! truly thou art a jewel possessed but by few.

L. G.

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A Female Anti-Slavery meeting was held at Hastings, Oswego county, January 13th, 1848. Emeline Bardeen was chosen Chairman, and Mrs. Devendorf Secretary.

Singing and Prayer by Lewis Hayden.

Julina Lyon presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted. E. D. Hudson addressed the meeting, the last resolution being the subject of his pertinent remarks:

Whereas, this reputed free country, boasting of its free institutions, and its free, Republican form of Government, and extending freedom, protection, and safety to all who flee from oppression in other lands, except Africa, does at this time, hold, bind, and enthrall three millions of broken-hearted, crushed, lacerated human beings, whose only crime is that of having a darker skin than our own:

And whereas, the women of other countries where Slavery has existed, having set us an example of activity, worthy of imitation, their efforts have been crowned with success, thereby giving us reason to hope that if we exert our moral power against this evil, that we shall one day experience the like salutary and beneficial results:

Therefore resolved, That Slavery is a great national sin, and that it requires the united effort of every man, woman, and child to destroy it.

Resolved, That we will henceforth use our influence in behalf of the slave; and in all cases when our fathers, husbands, and brothers apologize for that giant sin, that we will rebuke them.

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States is a slaveholding Constitution, and that it is a stronghold of Slavery, whereby it is enabled to grow and tower high above all other sins, and flourish like a green bay tree, the roots whereof are deeply embedded in the hearts of the people.

And whereas there are one million of women forbidden the right to read the Bible, robbed of their children, denied the marriage relation, deprived of all the comforts that make life precious, liable to be bought and sold at any moment at the caprice of their master, and enduring a tyranny and oppression that baffles description;

Therefore Resolved, That every humane, virtuous, Christian woman ought to be concerned and engaged to wield their Christian weapons effectively to bring this state of things to a speedy and peaceful termination.

Inasmuch as Christianity is a living recognition of the brotherhood of mankind, and Slavery is a practical denial of such brotherhood,

Therefore Resolved, That that Church organization which holds slaves and fellowships slaveholders, which is indifferent respecting the slave, or is not living Anti-Slavery, is not Christian, and it is legitimate and effective Anti-Slavery work to labour for its overthrow.

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# The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1848.


### Immediate Emancipation.

NO. IV.

We have shown that the Export Trade of the Island of Jamaica, for the last quarter of a century, has evidently been tending downward. The ruinous system of cultivation by slave-labour was producing its natural consequences, and had it been left undisturbed for a half-century longer, only, might have worked the total ruin of all the British West India Colonies. Had it not been partially abolished in 1834, and totally in 1838, there can be no doubt that the decrease in production, which is so evident from 1820 to 1830, would have been still more apparent in the later period, from 1835 to 1845. And though we acknowledge that the Exports of the Islands have diminished since the passage of the Act of Emancipation, and acknowledge, also, that that diminution was, in a measure, the immediate consequence of the abolition of Slavery, yet we maintain that this is only the price paid for the removal of that cause which was gradually, but surely, draining the fountains of their prosperity. A great and permanent good is secured, a heinous wrong, an accursed scourge, an increasing evil, is removed at the expense of a brief and trifling loss. The disadvantages, moreover, of the wise and humane policy of the British Government are temporary, and affecting only a small portion of the people, and that portion most able to bear them; while its advantages are immediate, manifold, increasing, and permanent, to the great majority of the population.

Sudden and great social changes from evil to good, we have before remarked, cannot be made in any community, without some inconveniences, and perhaps convulsions. It was not to be expected that when the chains were stricken from the limbs of the West Indian slave, and he who had been compelled, by the whip, to minister by his toil to the wants and luxuries of a master, stood up at last a freeman, should return willingly to the same labour as before, and to the production of the same amount of wealth for the enjoyment of others. He had now the wants of a freeman to provide for, and in supplying these wants the product of his labour would find new channels. When time shall have established the new order of things, and settled clearly the character of the new relations among the different classes of society, trade will find its true and natural level, while the wealth of that community shall be more equally and justly distributed. We may then expect to see the exports of the West Indies an increasing source of wealth, with the increasing production and population of the Islands, instead of gradually diminishing under the system of enforced slave-labour.

But if one of the immediate consequences of the abolition of Slavery in the West Indies is a decline in the Export Trade, the increase in the Imports is far more striking; and while the former is by no means an evidence that the real prosperity of the Colonies is affected by the change that has been made in the condition of the people, the latter is positive proof that that change has been for their benefit. If Slavery had continued in the West Indies, and the Export Trade had steadily increased, the eight hundred thousand slaves would have received no benefit from this seeming prosperity. Their condition would have remained the same, though the coffers of their masters were running over with gold. But abolish Slavery, and some portion of that wealth is turned to the benefit of its producers, and rightful owners. The scantily-clothed, and hardly-fed, and poorly-lodged slave is now a freeman, and, with the fruits of his labour, provides his own food, and clothing, and dwelling. His wife, who was before a labourer in the cane-field, under the whip of the overseer, has now a home to take care of, and a household to provide for; and his children, who, almost from tenderest infancy, were compelled to be producers of the wealth of the masters, are now receiving instruction at the district school, engaged in childish sports at a happy home, or adding by their slight toil something to the comforts of the family. "In Connecticut," says Theodore Parker, in his admirable letter, "every farmer and day-labourer, in his family or person, is a consumer not only of the productions of his own farm or handiwork, but also of tea, coffee, sugar, rice, molasses, salt, and spices; of cotton, woollen, and silk goods, ribbons and bonnets; of shoes and hats; of beds and other furniture; of hardware, tinware, and cutlery; of crockery and glassware; of clocks and jewelry; of books, paper, and the like. His wants stimulate the mechanic and the merchant; they stimulate him in return, all grow up together; each has a market at home, a market continually enlarging and giving vent to superior wares. The young man can turn his hand to the art he likes best. Industry, activity, intelligence, and comfort, are the result." So is it in every community of free people, but not so is it in a community of slaves. All the productions of industry there go to increase the comforts, and the luxuries, of the favoured few; the many—the slaves—are allowed enough only to-day to give them life and strength to work to-morrow. When a juster division is made, the few will have less, though enough; and if not enough, they can work for it; and the many will have more, for each will take what he thinks a *man* needs, and is not obliged to be content with what another deems sufficient for a human beast of burden. Exports decrease, for there are no slaves, compelled by enforced and unreasonable toil, to make Sugar, and Rum, and Molasses, and gather Coffee; but Imports increase, for freemen work as much as they will for wages, and spend them, as they please, for what they want.

We have before us a Tabular Return of Imports for the Island of Jamaica for twenty-six years. It embraces twenty-three articles of consumption, including cattle, beasts of burden, food, building stuff, &c. For sixteen of these the returns are made, with the exception of the four years, from 1830 to 1833, for the whole period from 1816 to 1845; but for the other eight articles, the returns are for twelve years only, from 1834 to 1845. The first period, it will be observed, embraces the returns for several years during the existence of Slavery, and all since its abolition up to 1845; but the second period gives only the years since the passage of the Emancipation act. It is easy to show by comparison, whether, in the first place, the Import Trade is greater or less since the abolition of Slavery, than during its existence, and in the second place, whether it is greater or less since

Taking the average yearly importation of several articles for the last four years during the existence of Slavery, for which we have returns, namely, from 1826 to 1829, inclusive, and the average yearly importation of the same articles for the last four years, since the complete abolition of Slavery, for which we have returns, namely, from 1842 to 1845, we arrive at the following result:

| | 1826-'29. | 1842-'45. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, bbls. | 54,873 | 115,123 | 60,250 |
| Corn Meal, bbls. | 11,054 | 19,737 | 8,683 |
| Rice, lbs. | 1,365,058 | 2,945,982 | 1,580,924 |
| Corn, bush. | 36,480 | 75,840 | 39,360 |
| Bread, lbs. | 634,209 | 1,474,851 | 840,642 |
| Lumber, ft. | 5,900,101 | 8,676,984 | 2,776,883 |
| Shingles, No. | 6,725,841 | 9,624,933 | 2,899,092 |
| Woodhoops, No. | 112,628 | 1,001,354 | 888,726 |
| Horses, No. | 783 | 1,236 | 453 |
| Asses, No. | 117 | 361 | 244 |
| Cattle, No. | 342 | 1,462 | 1,120 |

For eleven of the sixteen articles, for which we can make any comparison between the two periods of Freedom and Slavery, we have here clearly a remarkable increase. Let us look at the other five. These are PICKLED FISH, CODFISH, RED OAK STAVES, WHITE OAK STAVES, and MULES.

Since the year 1816, the importation of MULES has almost totally ceased. In that year the number amounted to 6,211; in 1829 it had decreased to 1,519, and was larger for that year by more than a thousand, than for any of the previous six years. In 1845, 90 only were imported. For these animals, horses and asses probably have been substituted; but, it should be observed, that though the importation of horses and asses has increased since the abolition of Slavery, it was gradually declining before that period.

The importation of RED and WHITE OAK STAVES has declined considerably since Slavery was abolished, owing, doubtless, to the decline in the production of Sugar, Rum, &c. The decrease, however, commenced before the abolition of Slavery.

A comparison in the importation of CODFISH for the periods we have given in the above table, would show a decline, and we therefore omitted it; but we find on a more narrow examination, that there is, in fact, no such diminution. In the years 1828 and 1829 there was, for some cause which does not appear, a larger importation of this article than for any other years during the whole period of twenty-six years. Previous to the year 1828, the largest importation was about 77,000 quintals. It has not been so low as that since 1836, and since 1838 has not been less, in any year, than 130,000 quintals. Excepting then, the two years of 1828, and 1829, just referred to as remarkable exceptions in the importation of this article, during the existence of Slavery, the importation for 1839 is the largest for twenty-six years, and that for 1845 the next so. It is therefore evident, that the trade in Codfish is rapidly increasing, as well as in the eleven other enumerated articles, though for the cause just mentioned, it would appear on the decline, in a comparison, for the periods embraced in the table.

We have, then, only one more article out of the sixteen to account for—PICKLED FISH; the importation of which is declining almost as rapidly as that of other articles of food is increasing. The reason is an obvious, and most satisfactory one: The free labourers of Jamaica do not choose to eat the miserable food, upon which the slaveholders compelled the slaves to live.

Let us now examine the returns for the importation of the other seven articles for which no returns are made earlier than 1834. We compare the yearly average of the years from 1834 to 1837, inclusive, and the last four years, as before, since complete Emancipation:

| | 1834-'37. | 1842-'45. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pork, bbls. | 8,976 | 26,417 | 17,441 |
| Butter, & Lard, fks. | 15,866 | 29,980 | 17,114 |
| Soap, boxes, | 21,512 | 36,934 | 5,422 |
| Candles, boxes, | 15,125 | 22,078 | 6,953 |
| Brandy, gallons, | 38,434 | 41,247 | 2,813 |

Two articles we omit, BEEF, and GIN. The importation of the latter is very variable, but is smaller for the year 1845, than for the ten preceding years. This may be accounted for perhaps, by the increase in the consumption of Brandy; or perhaps by that of Malt and Wine, for which returns are made only for four years for the latter, and for two for the former. We should rejoice to be assured that the importation of all these articles had declined, but the returns for Malt and Wine being for so short periods, it is impossible to come to any positive conclusion.

The comparison for the importation of BEEF during the periods mentioned in our table would show a slight decline; but as in the case of Codfish, such a conclusion would clearly be an erroneous one. The returns for this article, as for the other six, are for twelve years. The average yearly importation for that period is a little less than 3,600 barrels; for the year 1844 it is 3,901, and for 1845 is 2,622.

We arrive then, by this examination, to these conclusions: That since the abolition of Slavery the importation of the following articles has increased to a remarkable degree, namely: Flour, Corn-meal, Rice, Corn, Bread, Codfish, Lumber, Shingles, Wood hoops, Horses, Asses, and cattle: But that the importation of Pickled fish, the food of slaves, that of staves,—owing doubtless to the decrease in the exportation of Sugar, &c.—and that of Mules has decreased: That the importation of Pork, Beef, Butter and Lard, Soap, Candles, and Brandy, has steadily and rapidly increased since the termination of the Apprenticeship System, and the complete establishment of the freedom of the blacks; but that the importation of Gin alone during the same period has slightly declined: And that in the returns for these articles we have a complete account of the Import Trade of the Island of Jamaica concerning which any comparisons can be instituted. Malt and Wine are the only other articles enumerated, and the returns for those being only for four years for one, and two for the other, no comparative statement in relation to them can be made.

The rest of the Import Trade of Jamaica is given in a Tabular Return under the single head of British Goods imported into Kingston paying an ad valorem duty. The returns are for five years only, and of course admit of no satisfactory comparison. We copy them, however, to show the value of these Imports, and as additional evidence how destitute of all foundation is the assertion that the Trade of Jamaica is irrevocably ruined:

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1841, | 551,300 | 14 | 10 |
| 1842, | 606,581 | 14 | 5 |
| 1843, | 945,508 | 3 | 6 |
| 1844, | 526,578 | 8 | 10 |
| 1845, | 538,596 | 5 | 8 |

The average annual value of British Goods imported since the entire abolition of Slavery is £633,713. 1. 5. 2.

### Peace.

The important and exciting rumor of the past week has been that Mr. Trist, or Mr. Trist and Gen. Scott together, had concluded the items of a Treaty of Peace with Mexico, which had reached Washington, or was hourly expected. Letters from members of Congress are, it is said, received in this city, which declare "in the most unequivocal terms that the outline of a Treaty, or arrangement, has been received at Washington, corresponding generally with the propositions originally made by Mr. Trist to the Mexican Commissioners, and *that it will be acceded to by the Administration.*" The Philadelphia correspondent of the Tribune says:

Notwithstanding the denial of the Union, that a treaty of peace is in progress, we have every reason to believe the contrary. Mr. Cummings, of the Bulletin, who is now in Washington, has sent us a dispatch, in which he states *that overtures have been made by Mexico, and that these overtures are substantially acceptable to the Administration?* The denial of the Union is, no doubt, a mere diplomatic ruse. We know that in relation to the Oregon treaty, that journal was the loudest in its denial, though subsequent facts proved the news correct, and the editor wrong. Either Mr. Ritchie does not possess the confidence of the Executive, and is sincere when he makes these denials—or else he contradicts these denials for supposed reasons of State, in which event his assertion is to be taken "in a Pickwickian sense." In either case, his denial is of no more worth than a diplomatist's. Hence we say, notwithstanding the language of the Union, *that overtures have been made by Mexico which are acceptable in the main, and that if Peace does not ensue, it will be because Mr. Polk desires to continue the War.*

### Presidential Politics.—Who will be Candidates?

The prospect just now seems to be that the next President will be a Whig, and *will not be General Taylor.*—The second attempt to get up a Taylor fever has failed; the people are not disposed to be moved to any great excitement. The frogs will not pray with much fervor for a second King Stork, even with the hope of getting a King Log. It is only the devourers, and not those to be devoured, who are shouting for Taylor. The General, moreover, it is said, has consented to submit his claims to a Whig Convention; and this first nibble at the bait which covers the hook that is thrown for him, is a sure indication that the Whigs will land him at last where he will be out of the way of any farther mischief, in the ensuing campaign.

Nor is it by any means certain that Mr. Clay will be the Whig candidate. We know that the Whigs have, as our Boston correspondent would say, a wonderful proclivity to getting licked, but they will not run the risk of it this time, unless the prospect shall be, almost beyond the possibility of doubt, that Mr. Clay could succeed. At any rate they have got a bright look-out to windward, and will not be caught sleeping on their watch. Common rumor says that Mr. Clay has already declined a nomination, but this will turn out true or false according to circumstances.

The following letter from Judge McLean, of Ohio, first appeared, we believe, in the Cincinnati Gazette. It was not, of course, written without a purpose, and no doubt was meant for the reading of more people than his political friends of Ohio alone. He is, without doubt, thought of, as, in some contingencies, an available candidate, and stands ready to obey the call of his party. We copy his letter, as a thing to be read with the conjecture that he may be a Presidential candidate.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR: To all human appearance, the termination of this miserable war with Mexico, is more remote than when the first blow was struck. In my judgment, it was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced, by marching our army into disputed territory in the possession of Mexico. And I think that Congress, who, unquestionably have the power, should put an end to the war on just and honourable principles.

After agreeing upon the terms on which a treaty should be made, they should call upon the Executive, by resolution, to offer a peace to Mexico upon that basis, and during the negotiation hostilities should be suspended. If the President shall refuse to do this, in the military appropriation bills the army should be required to take such positions as shall carry out the views of Congress. These bills the President could not veto, and he would be bound by their requirements. This may be done by the House.

I hope Congress will refuse to issue any more Treasury Notes. The notes demanded, in addition to those already in circulation, would flood the country with that description of paper. Such an emission would constitute a Government Bank, controlled and managed by a party Administration. We have now fifteen millions of Treasury Notes in circulation, and authority to issue five millions more. I would not increase this circulation a dollar, but reduce it as rapidly as possible. Such a system would be incomparably more dangerous to the public morals and the public liberty, than any other system of banking that could be devised.

To meet any deficiency of the revenue to pay the current expenses of the war, I would authorize loans at par, paying not more than six per cent. interest, and if loans cannot be made at this rate, let the Administration resort to a system of taxation which shall cause the people to feel the expense of the war. All wars should be accomplished by a system of direct and internal taxation. Nothing short of this can show, in addition to the sacrifice of life, what we pay for military glory. This was the policy in the better days of the Republic.

The last war with England was nobly sustained by the people, not only in the field, but by the payment of taxes. And they will sustain every just war in which our country shall be involved. But I risk nothing in saying, that an attempt to adopt such a system of taxation would wind up this Mexican war in sixty days. And this shows that the war should be put an end to. This may be done by Congress in ninety days, and I pray God that they may do it. Very truly yours, JOHN MCLEAN.

In relation to this letter, the Cincinnati correspondent of the Herald says, that at the breaking out of the war Mr. McLean wrote a letter to Mr. Polk, approving in decided terms of the war policy. It was moreover written, says the Herald's correspondent, to get an appointment for a grandson at West Point. If there is really such a letter in existence, it will no doubt be produced should Judge McLean receive the Whig nomination.

We regret most sincerely to hear of the intelligence brought to us in the following paragraph in the Boston Journal of Saturday. The loss of wealth by a man who made so good use of it as Andrew Robeson, is a public calamity:

FAILURE AT FALL RIVER.—Considerable sensation was produced in the mercantile circles last evening, by intelligence from Fall River, that the large and well-known manufacturing establishment of Andrew Robeson & Sons, has been compelled to succumb to the pressure of the times. We are gratified, however, to learn this morning by the Express of Hatch, Gray, & Co. that this failure is not likely to prove so disastrous as was at first apprehended. They hope to nearly or quite pay in full their liabilities, by the judicious disposition of their property, and for this purpose have put it into the hands of assignees. Their individual property is large, and their individual liabilities comparatively small. Their calico-printing establishment was nearly the oldest, and one of the largest in the United States.

The business of the firm has been conducted upon the highest principles of business life. The operatives are not likely to suffer loss, except by being thrown out of business. No complaint has been heard against any member of the firm, by a creditor—and it is believed that their affairs will be wound up without the slightest impeachment of their integrity.—*Boston Journal.*

As our Boston friends have forgotten to send us any account of the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, we avail ourselves of a letter to the New York Herald, to give our readers some notion of what was done at it. It is not precisely such an one as we should have looked for from our own correspondent, but it shows that the meeting of the Massachusetts Society has made its mark. The reader will not fail to observe that the abuse of Garrisonians is set off by a sort of praise of Liberty party.

BOSTON, Jan. 27th, 1848.

*The Abolitionists—The Two Parties—Their Doings, &c.*

Last night closed the annual sessions of the two sections of Massachusetts Abolitionists, usually called the Garrison and Liberty parties. A more heterogeneous set of people were never congregated together for professedly the same object. In these bodies you could find represented all the isms and schisms, and new-fangled notions that ever emanated from the brain of man.

It is certainly rather remarkable that New England, that has usually been noted for its staid, puritanical notions, in moral, political, and religious things, should now be so pre-eminently the fountain head of all those theoretical absurdities so prevalent at the present day.—But ridiculous as these conceited philosophical sages oftentimes make themselves, it is not to be denied that many of them possess a good degree of talent. There are men in the ranks of the New England Abolitionists of superior education, of great eloquence, and who rank very high in the communities where they reside. But somehow or other, the moment this abolition mania gets possession of them, it contracts their naturally well poised and expansive minds into the most narrow, superficial limits. Even the great South Carolina statesman, in his "one idea" views regarding the main pillar institution of this model Republic, is not more enveloped in the mists of fanaticism than are these men, Gen. Howe, who would have refused even a Christian burial to the lamented Lincoln, was rewarded for his glorious achievement, by being made president of the Liberty Convention; while Mr. Jackson, who really looks too sensible for such a position, was chosen, as usual, to preside over the bedlamites of the Garrison wing.

I have attended a number of the meetings of both parties, and from what I have heard uttered by some of the rabid fellows, I should think this country was the grand focus of all the iniquities that were ever hatched up by the worst demons of the bottomless pit. In this remark I allude more particularly to the Garrison men. No language seemed sufficiently potent, no epithets vile enough, for them to apply to everybody and everything that did n't come within the narrow circle of their communion. The Church came in for a good degree of their blackguard slang. The Whigs were a set of perjured villains, while the Democrats were too low for them to speak of, &c. &c. It is lamentable that such men should so grossly pervert the gifted intellects that God has given them. It really seems as if these men thought their reputations rested solely upon their ability to concoct something more vile than ever, to apply to all who may not think just as they do. Even the Liberty men, who claim to have some self-respect, got to quarrelling amongst themselves, upon the Church and ministry.—The rattle-brains of the party, who seem to have but one notion in their heads, and that is, that the three millions of slaves of the South constitute the whole sum total of suffering humanity, throughout the wide world, could not let slip the opportunity of kicking up a muss with the more rigid Church portion of the party. Because ministers of the Gospel won't preach continually about the "poor slave," and nothing else, they are denounced as dough-faces and hypocrites.

Mr. John P. Hale closed the exhibition of the Liberty party, by a speech of about an hour's length. To say the best of it, it was not above mediocrity. His friends were evidently disappointed, both in the quantity and quality of the speech; for expectation was exceedingly high, and a regular earthquake of two hour's length was anticipated. Some of his friends excused his want of originality, upon the ground that the subject had been exhausted. There may have been some force in this, for these Abolitionists are the greatest talkers in the wide world. I should think they might exhaust anything but good sense. That they are not so apt to trouble. As Hudibras would say:—

"They can distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
On either which they will dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute."

I should like to see in one grand pile, all the resolves that ever emanated from abolition brains—they would illuminate the whole world if set on fire.

A SITUATION WANTED AS TEACHER.—We call attention to the advertisement in another column for a situation as teacher of a coloured school. The advertiser, it is proper to say, asks for a school of coloured children not as a matter of necessity, because others paying more and held as more respectable, cannot be had; but because, from a sincere desire to devote herself to the good of the African race, she chooses to take such a school, if one can be procured, rejoicing in the sacrifices it calls upon her to make. We may also say—as we are talking of her, behind her back, and may venture, where her modesty would forbid us, before her face—that she is a woman of intellectual power, far above the ordinary standard, highly educated; is a proficient in music, in practice and theory; and is also a thorough French, and German, as well as English scholar. This offer to devote rare talents, and extensive acquirements to so noble a purpose, we trust will not pass unnoticed. Our friends who are interested in coloured schools in their own neighbourhoods, and need a teacher, will please address us by mail, stating precisely what arrangement they wish to make.

AN ACCOUNT OF MONEY RECEIVED FROM VARIOUS PERSONS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE SAMUEL YOUNG, OF WILLIAMSBURG, LONG ISLAND.

Mrs. Young has received, at various times, since the death of her husband, the contributions of different persons for the relief of herself and her family, who were left almost destitute by that sad event. She requests us to offer to each and all of these kind and generous friends the widow's and the orphans' thanks. The relief she received from their bounty was most timely, and the statement of the fact that it was so, will be, we are sure, the best proof to them of her heartfelt and sincere gratitude.

We subjoin a list of the donors, as Mrs. Young's receipt for the sums contributed by each:

| | |
|---|---|
| Daniel Neall, Philadelphia, Pa. | 10 00 |
| Agnes Crane, Harrisburgh, Pa. | 5 00 |
| Ellis Gray Loring, Boston, Mass. | 10 00 |
| Francis Jackson, " | 10 00 |
| Wendell Phillips, " | 10 00 |
| Samuel May, " | 20 00 |
| Edmund Jackson, " | 10 00 |
| Eliza F. Merism, " | 5 00 |
| J. Ingersoll Bowditch, " | 5 00 |
| Cornelius Bramhall, " | 5 00 |
| Charles F. Hovey, " | 5 00 |
| Amos Farnsworth, " | 5 00 |
| Daniel F. Child, " | 5 00 |
| George B. Emerson, " | 5 00 |
| Samuel May, jr. " | 3 00 |
| Samuel E. Sewall, " | 2 00 |
| Samuel Philbrick, Brookline, Mass. | 10 00 |
| Bourne Spooner, Plymouth, Mass. | 5 00 |
| Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket, | 5 00 |
| Friends in Norwich Railroad cars, | 1 00 |
| Free Congregational Church, Brooklyn, | 24 75 |
| Rev. Mr. Joselyn's, Williamsburgh, | 6 00 |
| Collection by J. L. Hallowell— | |
| Thomas Mott, | 10 00 |
| David Ellis, | 10 00 |
| John H. Cavender, | 5 00 |
| Cash—J. R. W. | 5 00 |
| Cash—D. L. M. Jr. | 5 00 |
| Cash from different persons, | 10 00 |
| J. L. Hallowell, | 10 00 |

### Congress.

The only thing we have observed of interest, in Congress, during the last week, is a speech of Mr. Palfrey's in reply to Mr. Clingman. We shall publish it next week if possible. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says of it:

The debate in the House upon the President's Message was to have been closed to day, but the vote to this end was re-considered, and the debate continued by Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, the new member from the vicinity of Boston, who made himself notorious by catechising Mr. Winthrop, before his election as Speaker.—Mr. Palfrey is a man of intelligence, a good scholar, and a fluent and graceful speaker, although his style of oratory smacks somewhat of the pulpit; his stature is diminutive, but he has a fine head, and an open, fearless countenance. His speech was almost entirely upon the subject of Slavery, and was a reply to one which Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, made at an early part of the session, and was certainly a successful refutation of such positions as he assailed. To one who has been conversant with the temper and feeling of the House in past years, upon this heretofore delicate subject of Slavery, it was a novel sight to observe the attention and indulgence which were bestowed upon Mr. Palfrey; it was a tribute, in part, to learning and ability, but it was also a grateful evidence of altered feeling, and a willingness to subdue bitterness, which, in truth, is the very aliment of zealots.

On Monday, Mr. Giddings offered a Resolution: "That a select committee of five be appointed to inquire into and report whether the slave-trade is carried on in the District of Columbia; if so, by what legal authority it is sustained; and whether any modification of the existing laws on the subject is necessary at this time."

The Speaker's "next friend," Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, moved that this resolution be laid on the table. But the motion was lost, by a vote of 81 to 91, and the Speaker announced that it would lay over under the rules. We presume it will be *over-laid.*

☞ Hon. John P. Hale has accepted the nomination of the Liberty party for the Presidency.

☞ The Democrats of this city held a War meeting at Tammany Hall, on Saturday evening last. It was addressed by Gen. Sam Houston, the Texan brigand and blackguard, and one Eames, a renegade Yankee, and now assistant editor of the Washington Union.

*Erratum.*—In the first line of Mr. Howland's letter in the last Standard, for *letter* read *paper.*

### Notes on New Books.

*The Union Magazine for February*, abounds with most excellent wood-cuts, as illustrations of its various articles, besides a capital line-engraving of a winter scene, and a mezzotint frontispiece. Among the contributors to this number we notice the names of Street, Duyckinck, Emmet, Simms, Gould, Embury, Benjamin, &c. &c.

Israel Post, 140, Nassau street.

*Graham's Magazine for February.* Bryant, Cooper, Taylor, Willis, Benjamin, Neal, Poe, and others hardly less popular as Magazine writers, will make the February number of Graham a very attractive one to the large class with whom it is a favourite.

Graham, Tribune Buildings.

*Blackwood's Magazine for January.* Messrs. L. Scott and Co. announce on the cover of this number, that an arrangement has been completed between themselves and Mr. John Jay, the Attorney of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, by which advance sheets of each number are to be sent to the American publishers, so that their subscribers will have the reading of the Magazine earlier than they can get it in any other way. This arrangement, is of course, for the benefit of the Blackwoods, who will receive for the future—and nobody, we presume, will regret it—some portion of the profits accruing from the circulation of their Magazine in this country.—But the enterprise of Messrs. Scott and Co. must be sustained, if we are to have a republication of Blackwood in this country, by a liberal subscription list. They hint at the possibility of being compelled to raise the subscription price, unless a large addition shall be made to the present list.

The following are the contents of the present number: Thirty Years of Liberal Legislation; Something like a Country-house; Evenings at Sea, No. 3; Fletcher's Chronicle of Clermont Assizes; Don John of Austria; A Night's Peril; Switzerland and Italy; The Periodical Literature of America; Ireland and the Ministerial Measures; Note—Blackwood and Copyright in America.

### To Correspondents.

E. D. H. We wrote him at Utica, as we promised, and again at Springfield, on the 1st.

G. M. Jr. The money sent pays for the last and current year. We send him a few tracts by mail.

J. T. D. of H. We regret that it is entirely out of our power to be of service to him in the way he requests.—We advise him to apply to the College at Oberlin.

T. T. S. We regret exceedingly the errors he mentions, and will endeavour to guard against a recurrence of them in future. He will accept our thanks for his attention.

F. D. Fowler & Wells, N. Y. and R. W. Hume, Brooklyn, request us to say that the "Star" does not reach them.

### This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Day Dawn in Italy; De Vere's Plantation Bell. *Miscellany:* Scene in Barber's Shop; The Mummery of Medicine; Letters of Early Friends; Gardening at Nahant; A Romantic Incident; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Proslavery:* A Buckeye in Virginia; Madness of the Abolitionists—Remedy against it; The Anti Wilmot Proviso and Proslavery Democrats. *Selections:* Fourteenth Annual Report of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society; Santa Anna's Pass; Letter of Mr. Giddings's.

SECOND PAGE.—Illinois Freedom and Humanity. *Communications:* Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; Opposition to Slavery—Whence and Why? Letter from Valentine Nicholson; Letter from Wm. Keys; Female A. S. Society at Hastings.

### Married,

On Monday, January 24th, by the Rev. S. H. Cone, Mr. S. J. FERRIS, to Miss E. E. ROSEVELT, daughter of Jacob Rosevelt, Esq. both of this city.

At Harrison, Westchester county, (N. Y.) on the 20th instant, in the order of the Society of Friends, AARON G. HAVILAND, to ELIZABETH C. WILLETS, daughter of Samuel Willets.

### Died,

At his residence at Windsor, in the 80th year of his age, LEWIS MORRIS WILKINS, Judge of the Supreme Court of the Province of Nova Scotia, son of the late Dr. Wilkins, of Westchester.

In Winslow, on Saturday evening last, ELIZABETH, wife of William Mathews, Esq. Editor of the Yankee Blade, and daughter of Amasa Dingley, aged about 22.

At Edgehill, Liverpool, England, in the 80th year of her age JEAN FALCONER, widow of the late John Thom, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, and mother of Rev. David Thom, Liverpool, and Robert Thom, Esq. Her Britannic Majesty's late Consul at Ningpo, China.

In England, recently, in his 87th year, Mr. THOMAS COBBETT, eldest and last surviving brother of the late William Cobbett.

In Portland, (Me.) on the 25th instant, the Rev. JASON WHITMAN, formerly Secretary of the American Unitarian Association of Lexington, Mass.

In Philadelphia, on the evening of 22d instant, JOSEPH LEA, in the 63d year of his age.

At Oberlin, on the 18th instant, Mrs. FINNEY, wife of Prof. Charles G. Finney, of consumption.

At Dorchester, on Sunday, Mrs. ELIZABETH PERKINS, wife of Henry Grew, and daughter of W. R. Sturgis, aged 38.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Foreign.

**Arrival of the Acadia—Two Weeks Later from Europe.**

The Acadia arrived at Boston, on Tuesday evening, bringing no very favourable accounts of Commercial affairs in Great Britain. The money market was easier, and the price of Stocks had advanced, but there had been some heavy failures, in London and Glasgow. The prices of breadstuffs generally had slightly declined.

The Princess Adelaide, sister of the King of the French, is dead.

The Agrarian outrages have extended to the North of Ireland. Tyrone promises to become a second Tipperary.

Threatening letters are the order of the day, and several respectable men have been arrested for writing them. The magistracy and clergy are the objects of the denunciations.

*Ejectments.*—At Dundalk 72 ejectments were taken out, and 82 additional by the Marquis of Anglesea.

In Wexford, extermination by ejectment is carried to a frightful extent.

*The Famine.*—The distress in the South and West was becoming daily more severe and appalling. A coroner's inquest was held at Kenmare, County Kerry, on the bodies of four children, who had died of starvation on the road side, having been denied food by Captain Ommaney and the Kenmare Board of Guardians.

*The Repealers.*—The Repealers of the young and old section of that party are indulging in disgraceful personal squabbles and recriminations.

Abd el Kader has surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale at Algeria, on condition of his retiring to St. Jean d'Acre.

The health of the Queen of Spain is in a most critical state. She is effected with epilepsy. The complaint is expected to be fatal. The importance of the consequences of her death cannot be foreseen.

*Libel Suit.*—Mr. Du Solle, editor of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, has had a verdict of $1,000 damages rendered against him for a libel upon Mr. Runegan, of Easton, Pennsylvania.

*Libel Suit.*—Mr. Du Solle, editor of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, has had a verdict of $1,000 damages rendered against him for a libel upon Mr. Runegan, of Easton, Pennsylvania.

*A Phonetic Testament.*—Dr. A. Comstock has just published a new Phonetic Testament. It is an octavo of 397 pages—is handsomely printed and bound, and is a work of great ingenuity.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

*Equal Rights.*—A bill has just been passed by the Ohio Legislature, which exempts from attachment, *one* horse, harness, and dray, of every draymen in the State. The mover of the measure said he introduced it "because a 'pill-pedlar' of his county, whose horse and medicines were exempt from attachment, had 'doctored' one of his draymen constituents, and levied on his horse and dray, and sold them to pay his bill. The doctor himself, at the same time was 'over head and ears' in debt, and *his horse* and medicines could not be reached by *his* creditors."

*Operation under the influence of Chloroform.*—The fore arm of a patient at the Kings County Almshouse, was amputated on Friday last, while under the influence of Chloroform. The excitement under which he laboured during part of the time, (and which, it has been asserted by some, is not indueed by Chloroform,) tended considerably to embarrass the first stages of the operation.—*Eagle.*

The *Herald* has a horrible story, yet we presume a true one, of a poor, friendless girl, of sixteen, who recently came to this city from Bridgeport, Connecticut, in search of employment, and who here fell into the company of a clerk, who, professing a fervent zeal for her welfare, inveigled her into a den of infamy, under pretence of taking her to his aunt's, and there, having induced her to inhale Chloroform, in ignorance of its nature, and so produced complete insensibility, made her the unconscious, unresisting prey of his demoniac lust—since which she has been a raving maniac.

*The Park Fountain.*—Unexpected hindrances arising from defective marble and occasional hard frosts, have so retarded the progress of this work, that it will not be completed before spring. The marble coping surrounding the basin, and the concentric iron railing, fifteen feet distant, are nearly finished. The railing is of a very suitable design, manufactured by Messrs. Cornell & Jackson, but has been more expensive than intended; and will, with other outgoes, swell the actual amount expended considerably beyond the appropriation ($6,500) made for the erection of this structure. Its weight is 22,000 lbs. (10 tons). The centre ornament, which may be seen at the foundry of Messrs. C. & J. resembles a large basket, eight feet in diamater, and about five feet high, being an imitation of the Lilly of the Nile, in cast iron—a large leaf and a purple blossom with its leaflet, alternating—from the centre of which the the *jet d'eau* is to issue. The effect will be very fine.—*Journal of Commerce.*

*George R. Perkins*, Professor of Mathematics in the State Normal School, has been appointed Principal of that institution, in the place of Mr. Page, deceased.

*Death of a Physician.*—Dr. Moses P. Greenleaf, a physician of West Newtown, died in that town at 2, A. M. on Sunday, after a short illness. It is believed by his medical attendants that he died of a poisonous humour contracted while in a dissecting room in New York, a short time previous to the appearnnce of the disorder.—Dr. Greenleaf was but 31 years of age, and was highly esteemed by his townsmen, who deeply sympathize with the widow and her infant child, in their sudden bereavement.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

WASHINGTON, Wednesday Jan. 26. 1848.

*Annexation of Yucatan.*—I learn from a reliable source that an accredited agent from the Government of Yucatan is now in this city, with propositions for the annexation of that Department of Mexico to the United States. His offers are not very cordially received by the President and Secretary of State. Our Government has no desire to become embroiled in additional schemes just at present; nor is Yucatan favourably situated for separate and distinct annexation. The process must commence if at all, with some contiguous State, in the northern portion of Mexico. The "Star of Empire" must take its course *southward*, beginning at our present boundary. No success can be anticipated for the application of Yucatan at present.—*Cor. of Courier.*

*Air Line Railroad.*—It will be seen on reference to the proceedings of the General Assembly, that the House has by a very decided vote, rejected the petition for a charter for the so-called Air-Line Road.—*Prov. Jour.*

*A New Idea.*—A Loco-Foco caucus is to be held in Bangor, to *nominate* a candidate for Postmaster of that city, in the place of the present incumbent, whose term of office expires on the 1st of March.

*Truth Strengthening.*—The advocates of capital punishment in the lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature have the small majority of sixteen. Four years ago their majority was from eighty to ninety.—*Globe.*

*Enticing Slaves.*—A letter from Baltimore of the 28th says:—"A trial is progressing in Baltimore City Court, of Otho Oliver, charged with enticing the slaves of John Glenn to abscond. It will be brought to a close to-day, and Mr. Oliver will doubtless take the place of Torrey in the Penitentiary."

The Supreme Court dismissed the appeal of Mrs. Conner, who claimed to be the wife of Gen. John P. Van Ness, on the ground of a want of jurisdiction which in effect, confirms the decision of the Court below, which settles the case adversely to the plaintiff.

The trial of Dr. Coolidge, at Augusta, for the murder of Matthews, has been, postponed to the second Tuesday in March, in consequence of the absence of an important witness.

According to Governor Whitcomb, of Indiana, the *cause* of the war is, that Mexico did not pay the debt due our citizens; and a beautful commentary thereon is furnished by the Message itself: *that Indiana has not paid the* INTEREST *on her debt for five years!*—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Gen. Scott has been suspended, and Gen. Worth released from arrest, and Gen. Butler is now commanding the army in Mexico.

*The Cherokee Advocate.*—In the number of this interesting paper of the 23d of December, the editor gives his readers the following account of his establishment: "It may not be without interest to our distant friends to know that the *Cherokee Advocate* is now, and has been for several months, entirely in the hands of Indians. It is an Indian paper out and out, including all persons employed in the office. One compositor is a Creek, who learned the trade at Van Buren, Ark.; the others are Cherokees, who have acquired it in the Nation, here or east of the Mississippi. This fact, though of no great importance in itself, is yet one of some interest, showing, as it does, that we are acquiring more strength at home, and have cause for greater self-reliance.

RICHMOND, Jan. 26.

*The St. Domingo Conspiracy, &c.*—The French brig, Roger Bontemps, 28 days from St. Domingo, arrived at Charleston on Monday, reports that in the conspiracy discovered at St. Domingo, in which the Minister of Finance was the leader, to expatriate foreigners and join the Republic, the chief conspirator had been shot.

An effort was making by the people on Turk's Island, to join the Government of the Island of Jamaica, the British Government agreeing to make Nassau a free port. The schooner Cerralvo, from St. Domingo for New York, with a cargo of copper, put into Nassau in distress.

*Colonization.*—The Missouri State Colonization Society met in St. Louis the 27th of December, 1847. On motion of John F. Darby, Esq. a Committee of three was appointed to report to a future meeting of the Society, (to be called for the purpose by the Committee,) on the expediency of building, in St. Louis, a packet to trade between this city and Liberia, and on the best manner of accomplishing this object. The meeting was the largest we ever saw on such an occasion in St. Louis, and manifested a deep interest in the cause of African Colonization, as presented by its able and eloquent advocates.—*St. Louis Republican.*

*Lawyers too Late.*—We hear of an incident which occurred yesterday in court, before Judge Johnson, which is amusing, and somewhat instructive to those concerned. A case was on trial; the witnesses had all been examined, and the Court adjourned for the night, expecting to hear the arguments of counsel in the morning. Morning came, and with it Judge and jurors, but no lawyers. After waiting some time the Court ordered the crier to call them at the door. There was no answer. Tired of waiting, and thinking, perhaps, that a lesson in such cases was necessary, the Judge charged the jury, and sent them to their room. When the counsel arrived, laden with bags full of "authorities," and heads "full of wise says and modern instances," the jury were just about bringing in their verdict.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

*Michigan.*—The Assembly of this State has voted to change the name of the new Capital from Michigan to *Okeema.*

*Philadelphia Municipal Authorities and the Fire Riots.*—A meeting of the highest municipal authorities of Philadelphia, was held on Thursday afternoon, at the chamber of the Common Council of the city, for the purpose of devising means to prevent a recurrence of the riots and disturbances which have so frequently disturbed the peace of the city and districts, and tended to endanger the lives and property of citizens. The copy of a bill proposed for legislative enactment, designed for the better regulation of the fire department, was submitted and read, the details of which are numerous and complicated, yet sufficiently stringent to accomplish all the purposes for which it is intended.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"*Glory.*"—The *Newark Daily Advertiser* of Saturday says: "A small company of battered soldiers passed through with the railroad train yesterday on their way home from the battle-fields of Mexico—having had quite enough of gore and glory. One of them, a modest, sensible looking man, mentioned that he was the only survivor of twenty-one men who left Waterbury, Connecticut, about a year ago—a sad messenger to twenty heart-stricken families."

*Yankee Notions.*—A bill has been reported in the Massachusetts Legislature to incorporate a company, with a capital of $200,000, to manufacture bed-quilts and petticoat robes.

*Libel Suit.*—Mr. Du Solle, editor of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, has had a verdict of $1,000 damages rendered against him for a libel upon Mr. Runegan, of Easton, Pennsylvania.

*A Phonetic Testament.*—Dr. A. Comstock has just published a new Phonetic Testament. It is an octavo of 397 pages—is handsomely printed and bound, and is a work of great ingenuity.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

*Equal Rights.*—A bill has just been passed by the Ohio Legislature, which exempts from attachment, *one* horse, harness, and dray, of every draymen in the State. The mover of the measure said he introduced it "because a 'pill-pedlar' of his county, whose horse and medicines were exempt from attachment, had 'doctored' one of his draymen constituents, and levied on his horse and dray, and sold them to pay his bill. The doctor himself, at the same time was 'over head and ears' in debt, and *his horse* and medicines could not be reached by *his* creditors."

*Operation under the influence of Chloroform.*—The fore arm of a patient at the Kings County Almshouse, was amputated on Friday last, while under the influence of Chloroform. The excitement under which he laboured during part of the time, (and which, it has been asserted by some, is not indueed by Chloroform,) tended considerably to embarrass the first stages of the operation.—*Eagle.*

The *Herald* has a horrible story, yet we presume a true one, of a poor, friendless girl, of sixteen, who recently came to this city from Bridgeport, Connecticut, in search of employment, and who here fell into the company of a clerk, who, professing a fervent zeal for her welfare, inveigled her into a den of infamy, under pretence of taking her to his aunt's, and there, having induced her to inhale Chloroform, in ignorance of its nature, and so produced complete insensibility, made her the unconscious, unresisting prey of his demoniac lust—since which she has been a raving maniac.

*The Park Fountain.*—Unexpected hindrances arising from defective marble and occasional hard frosts, have so retarded the progress of this work, that it will not be completed before spring. The marble coping surrounding the basin, and the concentric iron railing, fifteen feet distant,

## Poetry.

From the National Intelligencer.

### DAY-DAWN IN ITALY.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Italia! In thy bleeding heart
I thought e'en hope was dead;
That from thy scarred and prostrate form
The spark of life had fled.

I thought, as Memory's sunset glow,
Its radiance o'er thee cast,
That all thy glory and thy fame
Were buried in the Past.

Twice Mistress of the World! I thought
Thy star had set in gloom,
That all thy shrines and monuments
Were but thy spirit's tomb.

The mausoleum of the world
Where Art her spoils might keep,
Where pilgrims from all climes might come
To wonder and to weep.

The thunders of the Vatican
Had long since died away;
Saint Peter's chair seemed tottering
And crumbling to decay:

Thine ancient line of Pontiff Kings
Was to the Past allied,
And oft in Freedom's holy wars
They fought not on her side.

The sacred banner of the Cross
Was trailing, soiled, and torn;
And often had the hostile ranks
That sacred ensign borne.

But from her death-like slumber now
The Seven-hilled city wakes;
Italia! on thy shrouded sky
A gleam of morning breaks.

Along the Alps and Appenines
Runs an electric thrill,
A golden splendour lights again
The Capitolian Hill.

And hopes, bright as thy sunny skies,
Are o'er thy future cast;
The future that upon thee beams
As glorious as thy past.

The laurels that thy Cæsars wore
Were dyed with crimson stains;
Their triumphs glittered with the spoils
Won on thy battle-plains.

But for thy Pontiff Prince to-day
A laurel might'st thou twine,
Unsullied as the spotless life
He lays upon thy shrine.

For him might the triumphal car
Ascend the hill again;
No slaves bound to the chariot wheels
Should swell the lengthened train.

Such train as, in her proudest days,
Was never seen in Rome,
Of captives from the dungeons freed,
Of exiles welcomed home.

When gazing on the doubtful strife
The Hebrew leader prayed,
The friends of Israel gathered round,
His drooping hands they stayed.

And thus around the Patriarch's chair,
The friends of Freedom stand,
All eager, though it falters not,
To stay his lifted hand.

And in a clearer, firmer tone,
Is heard their rallying cry,
From Etna to the Alps it sounds,
"For God and Liberty!"

### DE VERE'S PLANTATION BELL.

BY C. G. FENNER.

At earliest dawn, at noon, at twilight dim,
With mournful swell,
I hear, like loneliest dirge or funeral hymn,
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Its tones are low and soft, and pensive seem
Some grief to tell;
Ah, grief untold, I fear, fits well the theme,—
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Some dusky Mab, by night, I cannot doubt,
Weaves lightsome spell
Of Afric home-dreams, Afric homes, without
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Of happy homes, close nestled in the shade
Of some deep dell,
Where gather wife and children, unafraid,—
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Maids meet their lovers, clasping breast to breast;
But hark! the knell
Of dream-delights, of hope, of joy, of rest,
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

They gather to their toil at earliest dawn,
While Phosphor yet gleams well!
And, gallows-lifted, swings above the lawn,
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Then at hot noon, the pitiable crowd
Their hunger quell
On yams and plantains; when peals forth aloud
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Long day of toil, the frequent lash and curse,
That *one* may sell
For yellow gold, the crop; well serves the purse
De Vere's Plantation Bell!

Night comes; the hot sun sinks, the stars are set;
Dusk must dispel
All hope of further greed; with dew is wet
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

Perhaps one might, were but grim justice done,
The fate foretell
Of that stern sentinel with ruthless tongue,
De Vere's Plantation Bell;

'T would hang,—(ah, name it not to ears polite,
In populous Hell,
Its own peculiar jewel and delight,
As an "entire and perfect chrysolite,"—
De Vere's Plantation Bell.

### THE LABOURER AND HIS HIRE.

I value him whose foot can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed
Its more than Music's tone.
There are prophet-sounds that stir the grain,
When its golden stalk shoots up;
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily dine and sup.
Then shame, oh, shame, on the miser creed,
Which holds back praise or pay
From the men whose hands make rich the lands,
For who earn it more than they?

*Barrington's Poems.*

## Miscellany.

Douglas Jerrold's agreeable company of the barber's shop discourse as follows of the death of Napoleon's widow, Maria Louisa, and other public matters of interest:

SCENE.—*The Barber's Shop of Oliver Cromwell Nutts.* MOONFLIT *in the Chair.—Customers waiting.*

*Nobby.* (*with paper.*) So, it seems, that Buonaparte's wife as was, is dead.

*Mrs. Nutts.* Poor thing,—ever to have been sich a cretur's wife! I'm sure, a woman had better at once been married to a steam-engine.

*Peabody.* Humph! It seems she found a good deal of consolation in indifference. To be sure, she was flung into the blissful state—thrown to Napoleon, like a kid to a lion.

*Mrs. Nutts.* The monster! But they 're all alike!

*Peabody.* Nevertheless, that Congress of Vienna—

*Mrs. Nutts.* What's a congress, Mr. Peabody? For you who were a schoolmaster, in course know everything. What 's a congress?

*Peabody.* Why a congress is a swell mob of Kings; with no constable strong enough to apprehend 'em for any robbery they may choose to commit.

*Slowgoe.* Now, Mr. Peabody, I wish to begin the year in peace with all the world; but, I cannot—I say it for the last time—I cannot countenance such principles.

*Peabody.* Well, I never could abide Maria Louisa. See here, Mrs. Nutts. Just suppose that the French were here—and, certainly, it is n't our fault if they do n't try for it, for 'tis said they know all the soundings of the Thames from Tilbury Fort to Chelsea Beach—and so we may expect the invasion to arrive by the penny boats and twopenny busses.

*Mrs. Nutts.* It's impossible. They never can have the impudence!

*Peabody.* And suppose that a French barber was to knock this shop to bits, and carry off Nutts, your husband, putting him in chains, and keeping him a prisoner on the Isle of Dogs!

*Mrs. Nutts.* Go on, Mr. Peabody.

*Peabody.* Well, Mrs. Nutts, I do n't think you'd be seen at Vauxhall, or Cremorne-gardens arm-in-arm with the identical French barber that ruined your husband.

*Mrs. Nutts.* And did Buonaparte's wife so demean herself?

*Peabody.* Was quite agreeable at the Congress of Vienna with him. Lord Byron tells all about it. He says:—

"She comes,—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's)—lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes!—the right arm yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shattered sceptre through,
Is offered and accepted!"

*Mrs. Nutts.* Well, with Nutts on the Isle of Dogs—with all his faults, and nobody knows a man's faults as well as his own wife—you would n't catch me arm-in-arm with *that* barber.

*Nobby.* Why, they say here that she married twice after Napoleon's death.

*Slowgoe.* Very true. But as Archduchess of Austria, she never sunk her dignity in the holy state. Both the marriages was left-handed.

*Mrs. Nutts.* Left-handed! Why, Mr. Slowgoe, you never mean to say that marriages are like pairs of gloves? One to fit the right hand, and one the left?

*Peabody.* Quite so with royal folks. For instance, a Duke or a Prince, or anything of that sort, may marry a subject with the left hand just—

*Nutts.* Just as if Dukes and Princes was like fowls—with a choice of wings, the liver and the gizzard.

*Mrs. Nutts.* As if, indeed, people was made with odd sides—or, as if one side was better than another, like the roe of a red-herring.

*Peabody.* Such marriages are quite common abroad, Mrs. Nutts.

*Mrs. Nutts.* Well, I should n't think myself altogether married. It is n't at all bone of bone and flesh of flesh, as man and wife were from the beginning,—of course.

*Peabody.* No: a left-handed marriage isn't what you would say, an incorporation—I suppose we must only call it a riveting.

*Mrs. Nutts.* A left-handed marriage! Well, I should just as soon have thought of a left-handed religion. But I suppose, it's all along of popery and—

*Slowgoe.* Popery, indeed. See what the *Herald* says. Talking of Doctor Croly, it says—"The Doctor has abundantly shown that prosperity or punishment has befallen England, in turn, just as she abhorred or favoured Rome." Now—there's no doubt of it—we are treating with Pius the Ninth, as if he was a gentleman. We 've once been warned by Maynooth. I only hope we shan't once more bring down the Pope upon the potatoes.

*Mandrake.* You really don't believe this, do you, Mr. Slowgoe? "It is seriously proposed, we hear, on all sides"—it's the Herald, gentlemen, as speaks—"to re-open diplomatic relations with the Pope, and to do this without asking Parliament's consent."—Of course there 'll be a rebellion.

*Slowgoe.* No, Mr. Mandrake, no; we 've no spirit now. There was a time, indeed, when true Englishmen would have blessed themselves that there was such a thing as the Tower, and the axe, and the block, and other venerable institutions. But they 're all swept away, Sir; all swept away; we have now nothing but the name of the Constitution left. The thing's gone, Sir—evaporated; and—afore the year's out—'twould n't at all surprise me to see the Pope of Rome taking his lunch at Lambeth Palace. As Rome goes up, England must go down; for Popery, Sir, and Protestantism can't be at the same pitch together.

*Nobby.* Ha! like two buckets in a well?

*Slowgoe.* But not the well, young man, where Truth lives. Certainly not. That's a well where the Pope's bucket never took a drop from; never.

*Mandrake.* The Church, Mr. Slowgoe, is cracking about us. But what *can* we expect when the pillars of the Church bend and give way? You 've heard of the noise, in course, of burying people in London. Why, where ought they to be buried, but where their relations and friends can—without losing half-a-day—come and drop a tear upon 'em?—'Tis n't because I'm sexton to the Myrrh-and-Mignionette burying-ground, that I 'm prejudiced—not a bit. But when we find that the clergy themselves—for they 've begun to move—are willing to give up their own churchyards, there's an end of what I call the social compact.

*Peabody.* Very true, Mr. Mandrake. Can't think what's come to the clergy—knock hard, and they always knock under. See how Lord Russell's used the Dean of Hereford. Now I had hopes of the Dean. Here 's a man, said I, who 'll only be too glad to wear a crown of thorns.

*Slowgoe.* And so he has. Does n't he dissent?

*Peabody.* Yes, but he keeps his deanery. If he really wears a cap of thorns, he has it very softly lined with bank-notes; he's like the cunning wife that I read of in a French play a day or two ago.—She threatened her husband—if he *would* go on aggravating her in that way—that she 'd jump out of a two-pair window.

*Mrs. Nutts.* I admire her spirit. 'Twould be a good thing if there was more like her!

*Peabody.* And out of the window she really threw herself; but then, she had taken all care beforehand, and fell soft—upon a bed of feathers.—New Dean Merewether has, with all his fuss, contrived that his fall should be very soft indeed.—Certainly, for one of the army of martyrs, the Dean contrives to live comfortably upon full pay and on the peace establishment. The Dean I say—

*Doctor Zebraback.* Talking of Deans, this is a noble speech of the Dean of Westminister. Noble philosophy! Fine social discovery; next to my own, the extracting of corns by playing the German flute. Here it is, copied from the *Bury Post.* It 's on the opening of the Ipswich Museum; and the Dean is talking of the beauty of knowledge, to the poor. The Dean says—

If the animal be cold or take exercise, he eats twice as much. If it should please God to cause a return of the visitation to which I have alluded, to those who can find no food, nature has given us examples, in what happens by hybernate animals. The bear, the dormouse are hybernate animals. When cold comes on with scarcity of food, in woolly materials they sleep through the winter in their retreats. They are maintained in health, and again come forth very little wasted, and resume their natural functions, when the sun of spring again calls them into activity. *Now our labouring classes, many of them, practically carried out that principle.* They felt it was in vain to be turbulent—that it was a condition not the result of their employer's proceedings—that it was a condition which it was *their duty to tolerate with patient obedience:* and thus *in the repose of their beds, and the warmth of their coverlets,* they sought that comfort which maintained them in health, and that too on small, on infinitesimally small quantities of food. Why, had they come forth into rebellion, they would only have stimulated their stomachs to greater hunger, and perilled their lives in the destruction of the property in the neighbourhood. Now these are the political advantages that result from the education of the people.

It never struck me before—the "political advantages" of a blanket.

*Nutts.* Well, now, I understand all that 's meant by giving blankets to the poor—it's to put out discontent and rebellion, like a chimney on fire. I do n't think we need care much for short harvests or potato-blight in future—poor folks have only to "repose on their beds," all snug "in the warmth of their coverlets," and they may be as happy as—

*Peabody.* Bears and dormice. Providence gives the bear a thick fur that he may suck his paws, go to sleep, and without eating pass away the winter. Now, a poor man—in time of need—when he gets his blanket from the squire, has only to think himself a human bear with a blanket skin—by the way, if he had the wit to do it, he might put down some droll thoughts in bed upon the matter—to make himself all quiet and comfortable.

*Slowgoe.* Well, it 's the best argument yet I heard in favour of what 's called knowledge for the people. But I must say it—not that I admire the Dean of Westminster, he 's taken too many liberties with the age of the world for me—I must say it, it 's a beautiful thing to think on. Here 's a famine, we 'll say, comes sudden upon us—and how sudden, who knows now, with the Jews in Parli'ment? Well, there 's no rioting in the street. There 's no quartern-loaf, with a crape hat-band round it, carried on a pole by a mob. And for the people that 's starving—where are they? Why, learning good manners, and starving in quiet in their blankets, like decent bears in their shaggy furs.

*Peabody.* Very true. Instead of having rebellion in the streets—you have discontent wrapped in a blanket—swathed and set aside, as harmless as a 'Gyptian mummy.

*Nobby.* Anybody seen the pantomimes? *Do* let's talk about something rational.

*Mandrake.* I make it a point—unless I have an order, never to encourage the drama: but pray what is this piece here, in the bill—"The World under Ground?" I suppose it is something to do with the sewers—something insanatory, as I call it.

*Bobsworth.* To be sure. It 's the *Sanitary Report* turned into a play. Have n't you seen it? Do. 'Twill make you clean for life?

*Mandrake.* But who acts in it? What 's it all about?

*Peabody.* Why, Doctor Southwood Smith, and Mr. Chadwick, and Mr. Lambert Jones play the principal parts. There was a wonderful subterranean scene all among the gas and water pipes.—Perhaps the best thing in it is, "The palace of Typhus," protected by Gog and Magog. Very terrible, but very effective. Here we are shown imps of death steaming up through sinks and drains, whilst Gog and Magog—the parts, I don't know the players, capitally acted—snuff their noses and smack their lips, as though delighting in the odour.

*Mandrake.* Well, that must be striking.

*Bobsworth.* Nothing like it, sir,—Since they first played "Blue Beard."

*Peabody.* Then Doctor Smith, with his companions, besieges the fastness of Window-Tax. This giant, like Polyphemus, has only one eye, that he may economize light as much as possible. He lives in a huge dark house, with sham windows, painted in black paint with white casements. I should have just told you that Dr. Smith was in love with Hygeia, the goddess of Health, who is kept a prisoner by Window-Tax, pining in a dark cellar; where her roses wither, and her eyes grow dim, and slow, creeping fever burns continually in her veins. In vain the Doctor seeks to obtain Hygeia, whilst Window-Tax holds her captive.

*Slowgoe.* Bless my soul. I hate plays—but this gets interesting. What does the Doctor do?

*Peabody.* The Doctor flies away to some Wood or Forest, where the good genius Morpeth gives him a branch of dittany—its common name is Health of Towns Commission—by means of which, he frees Hygeia from the bondage of Window-Tax, and the play ends. I only wish I could describe to you the last scene.

*Mandrake.* Why, what 's it like?

*Peabody.* It 's called—*The triumph of Hygenia,* Lord Morpeth—the genius of the Woods and Forests—appears in a silver white robe; and waving a roll of parchment, engrossed with the magic letters Je le veux,—fountains of sweet water play in the streets of London—zephyrs, with ropes of garlanded roses are allowed admittance in every court and alley—blind windows receive the light, and "airs from heaven" are wafted from all corners. The curtain falls upon the union of Dr. Southwood Smith with Hygeia, Lord Morpeth looing all sorts of congratulations upon the happy couple.

*Slowgoe.* I shall patronize the play for once—I 'll go and see this *World under ground.*

*Mandrake.*—And so will I—if I can get an order.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

### THE MUMMERY OF MEDICINE.

It is impossible to deny that there is some tough reading in the world. Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzle most people—Etruscan inscriptions cannot be read by those who run—and—to ascend from antiquity upwards—even the contemporary pot-hooks and hangers wherewith John Chinaman labels his tea-boxes, are by no means lucid in their signification. But neither sculptured stones from Egypt—nor vases from Etruscan tombs—nor tea-boxes ornamented with the most mystic devises of China ink—are much more obscure in the tale they would tell than the little slips of paper which the doctor tells us to carry to the apothecary, and—on the "shut our eyes and open our mouth" principle—swallow the mysterious substance, solid or fluid, represented by the egally mysterious writings in question.

But the medical profession is a learned profession, and its members use Latin because Latin is a learned language. We should like to hear a few "general practitioners" indulging a quiet chat on Sir James Graham's new medical bill, or on mesmerism and homœopathy, in the vernacular of the Cæsars. We should see how deep the learned profession was in the learned language. But who says that doctors write Latin? Their Latin is no more Latin than it is English; they have only half translated the tongue they employ; they have taken it out of English without putting it into any other language in particular. Our Sangrados, too, add insult to injury—they make us swallow their nasty stuffs, and call them by barbarous names to boot. They insist upon their Latin being as horrid as their drugs; not only is the draught nauseous to one species of taste, but the formula under which it is administered must be revolting to another.

But bad Latin is not our principal objection to our friends of the College of Surgeons and Physicians. Even if they could write Ciceronian prescriptions, which they can't, or, at all events, won't—we ask, what would be the *cui bono* of doing so. We are not Romans, but Englishmen. Write as you speak. You ask us to put out our tongues, and to let you feel our pulse in plain English; you find the one too white, and the other too fast. Why don't you tell us the names of the drugs we must swallow, to restore the fine red of the one, and moderate the jog-trot of the other, in plain English too?

Gentlemen "medicine-men," or "mystery-men," as the Ojibbeways and other red brethren of the wilderness call you; there has been from time immemorial a considerable quantity of humbug in your profession, the still-existing remains of which we would fain see purged off. In times of yore, when people called you Leeches and Chirurgeons, you added a good many of the tricks of the juggler to your legitimate craft. You were then the prince professors of Alchemy, of Astrology; the principal conjurors and magicians of the olden time, ere the advent of Herr Dobler, and the Wizard of the North: you masqueraded in flowing robes and long beards, and carried white wands like the stewards at a charity dinner: you used a mysterious jargon, both in your medical and magical practice: you applied one to aid you in carrying on the other: you had sympathetic powders, and charms and enchantments: you worked both by spell and bill; "hax, pax, max," was an old medical charm against the effect of a mad-dog's bite; the not very dignified syllable of och, och, you held to be able to perform cures, to accomplish which, sulphur ointment has obtained a modern celebrity. Long ago, however, you gave up your patient's symptoms, and chances in the stars, and you now look for the legitimate reward of your learned labours, rather to guines fees than to the mystic riches of the crucible. So far so good. You have in a measure kept pace with the world which is moving on around you; but still, in some respects, you are lagging; still you have a yearning, longing for that veil of mystery, which once hung, awe-inspiring, around you; still in your prescriptions live the embers of your former secret fires; still, in ordering a simple pill, or soothing draught, do you fondly hug the glory with which the omne ignotem pro magnifico invests you. Of the old mystic formulas you still have a fond recollection. Gentlemen, your faith in spells is not yet at an end. In ordering a dose of salts, your sulph. mag. corresponds to the ancient och, och. We never see a prescription setting forth the necessity of beginning next day with a drachm of castor-oil, the neat and appropriate sentiment couched under the dim phraseology of olric. cras. mane. without thinking with great tolerance of the days when hax, pax, max, and similar luminous and useful sentences, were in great vogue and vigour.

Drop, then, we beseech of you, the last link which connects science with nonsense—the Doctor with the Diddler family; rhubarb will do as much good when ordered in English as in dog Latin; senna is not a bit more agreeable as Fol. sen. nor cream of tartar as Bitar. Pot. Apothecaries can understand "To be made into a draught," just as well as Fiat Haustus; and even the most ignorant will not require more spelling over "The mixture to be taken at bed-time," than they would to read and understand Mixt. h. s. sumda.

From the British Friend.

### LETTERS OF EARLY FRIENDS.

[Respecting the writer of the next letter, John Whiting, in his Memoirs, informs us, that "Alexander Parker was an ancient and eminent servant of God, and minister of Jesus Christ: he was born near Bolton, in Lancashire, and was well educated, and had a gentleman-like carriage and deportment as well as person, for I knew him well. He came up to London with George Fox, when he was brought up out of Leicestershire by Colonel Hacker to Oliver Cromwell, in 1654; he stayed with him in London and thereabouts for some time, and afterwards went with him to a General Meeting at John Crook's, in Bedfordshire, in 1655. He wrote many serviceable books and epistles to Friends, which are worthy of perusing: in which, though being dead, he yet speaketh."]

*Alexander Parker, to Margaret Fell.*

LONDON, 22d 12th Month, 1654.

DEAR SISTER:—Upon the 4th day of the 12th Month, George Fox was at a meeting at Swannington, and there came several soldiers from Leicester, but they were very civil and moderate, and heard with patience the word of the Lord, and went peaceably away. The same day, Thomas Taylor and I were at Lichfield, and had a meeting there, when many people, of all sorts, came to the meeting. On the Fourth-day of the week, we came to George at Swannington: and he was moved to appoint a meeting at Whetstone, and none being there to pass along with him, I went with him.

On the First-day, many Friends were come together from several parts, and were waiting upon the Lord, when there came the Marshal and about eight soldiers into the meeting; and many of them sat down and were very civil. And after a certain while, the Marshal spoke, and shewed an order from Colonel Hacker, that every one should go to their outward habitations, otherwise to pass along with him to the Colonel. And so he began and examined Friends where their outward abode was, and some he asked when they would return back. As for George, his countryman, he said, Let any two go along with him, and satisfy the Colonel for the rest. Then the Marshal did entreat George to take his horse and go along with them. Then said George, "If thou dost command me to go, I shall not resist:" so they went, and I had not freedom to leave George. [They were then introduced to Colonel Hacker.] And the Colonel spoke to him of many things. [He was then searched, and finally was informed he must go to London.] Captain Drury, one of the Protector's Life Guards, passed up and was sent along with him.

[After stating that they lodged at the Mermaid Inn, Charing Cross, the letter proceeds:—] Then the Captain went to the Protector and acquainted him of [their arrival], so the Protector said, He should see him, and would speak with George himself, but *when*, he could not tell. The Captain is very loving, and would not hinder George any freedom, only desired that one of us would stay at the Inn, [in case the others went out]. On the Fourth-day, George went up into the city with some of our Friends. On First-day afternoon, William Caton and I were at a meeting in Moorfields, where many Friends were, a mighty power there is among them, and many tender hearts there are among them.—On the Fourth-day in the evening, there was a meeting appointed at Gerard Roberts', where there was a very large meeting of Friends: George was present amongst them, the powerful presence of the Lord was with us, and the tender plants were refreshed, and some were made to witness to the Truth.—Thy Dear Brother,

ALEXANDER PARKER.

From the Horticulturist.

### GARDENING AT NAHANT.

A few miles east of Boston, boldly jutting into the Atlantic, lies the celebrated promontory of Nahant. Nature has made it remarkable for the grandeur and bleakness of its position. It is a headland—of a hundred acres, more or less—sprinkled with a light turf, and girded about with bold cliffs of rock, against which the sea dashes with infinite grandeur and majesty. No tree anciently deigned to raise its head against the rude breezes that blow here in winter, as if tempest-driven by Boreas himself; and that, even in summer, make of Nahant, with its many cottages and hotels, a refrigerator, for the preservation of the dissolving souls and bodies of the exhausted population of Boston, in the months of July and August.

At the present moment, the interesting feature of Nahant, after the Ocean itself, is, strange to say, one of the most remarkable gardens in existence. We mean the grounds of the private residence of Frederick Tudor, Esq. a gentleman well known, in the four quarters of the world, as the originator of the present successful mode of shipping ice to the most distant tropical countries; and, we may here add, for the remarkable manner in which he has again triumphed over Nature, by transforming some acres of her bleakest and most sterile soil into a spot of luxuriant verdure, fruitfulness, and beauty.

To appreciate the difficulties with which this gentleman had to contend—or, as we might more properly say, which stimulated all his efforts—we must recall to mind, that frequently, in high winds, the salt spray drives over the whole of Nahant; that, until Mr. Tudor began his improvements, not even a bush grew naturally on the whole of its area; and that the East winds, which blow from the Atlantic in the spring, are sufficient to render all gardening possibilities, in the usual way, nearly as chimerical as cultivating the volcanoes of the moon.

Mr. Tudor's residence there now, is a curious and striking illustration of the triumph of art over nature, and as it involves some points that we think most instructive to horticulturists, we trust he will pardon us for drawing the attention of our readers to it at the present time. Our first visit to his grounds, was made in July, 1845, one of the dryest and most unfavourable seasons for the growth of trees and plants that we remember. But at that time, perhaps the best possible one to test the merits of the mode of cultivation adopted, we found Mr. Tudor's garden in a more flourishing condition than any one of the celebrated places about Boston. The average growth of the thriftiest standard fruit trees about Boston, at that time, was little more than six inches to a foot. In this Nahant garden it was two feet, and we measured shoots on some of the standard trees, three feet in length. By far the largest and finest cherries we tasted that season, were from trees growing there, and there was an apparent health and vigour about every species within its boundary, which would have been creditable anywhere, but which, at Nahant, and in a season so unfavourable, quite astonished us.

The two strong points in this gentleman's gardening operations at Nahant, appear to us to be the following: First, the employment of screens to break the force of the wind, producing thereby an artificial climate; and second, the thorough preparation of the soil, by trenching and manuring.

Of course, even the idea of a place worthy of the name of a garden in this bald, sea-girt cape, was out of the question, unless some mode of overcoming the violence of the gales, and the bad effects of the salt spray, could be devised. The plan Mr. Tudor has adopted is, we believe, original with him, and is at once extremely simple, and perfectly effective.

It consists merely of two, or at most, three parallel rows of high open fences, made of rough slats or palings, nailed in the common vertical manner, about three inches wide, and a space of a couple of inches left between them. These paling fences are about sixteen feet high, and usually form a double row, (on the most exposed side a triple row,) round the whole garden. The distance between that on the outer boundary and the next interior one, is about four feet. The garden is also intersected here and there, by tall trellis fences of the same kind, all of which help to increase the shelter, while some of those in the interior serve as frames for training trees.

The effect of this double or triple barrier of high paling is marvellous. Although, like a common paling, apparently open, and permitting the wind a free passage, yet in practice, it is found entirely to rob the gales of their violence, and their saltness.—To use Mr. Tudor's words, "it completely sifts the air." After great storms, when the outer barrier will be found covered with a coating of salt, the foliage in the garden is entirely uninjured. It acts, in short, like a rustic veil, that admits just so much of the air, and in such a manner as most to promote the growth of the trees, while it breaks and wards off all the deleterious influences of a genuine ocean breeze—so pernicious to tender leaves and shoots.

Again, regarding the luxuriant growth, which surprised us in a place naturally a sterile gravel, we were greatly struck with the additional argument which it furnished us with in support of our favourite theory of the value of trenching in this climate. Mr. Tudor has, at incredible labour, trenched and manured the soil of his garden three feet deep. The consequence of this is, that, although it is mainly of a light, porous texture, yet the depth to which it has been stirred and cultivated, renders it proof against the effects of drouth. In the hottest and driest seasons, the growth here is luxuriant, and no better proof can be desired of the great value of thoroughly trenching, as the first and indispensable foundation of all good culture, even in thin and poor soils.

It is worthy of record, among the results of Mr. Tudor's culture, that two years after the principal plantation of his fruit trees was made, he carried off the second prize for pears, at the annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, among dozens of zealous competitors, and with the fruit most carefully grown in that vicinity.

We have observed also, and noted as indicative of no small degree of practical skill, that in various quarters of the garden are standard trees, apples and pears especially, that have been transplanted from Boston, with large heads and trunks, six or eight inches in diameter, and are now in a state of complete luxuriance and fruitfulness.

There are, of course, but few individuals who have the desire and the means thus to weave a spell of freshness and beauty over a spot which nature has created so sterile and bald; perhaps there are still fewer who would have the courage to plan and carry out improvements of this kind, to the attainment of so beautiful a result, in the very teeth of the elements. But there are many who may learn something valuable from Mr. Tudor's labour in the cause of Horticulture. There are, for example, hundreds along the sea-coast, to whom gardening, of any sort, is nearly impossible, from the injurious effects of breezes loaded with salt water. There are, again, many beautiful sites that we could name on the shores of some of our great inland lakes, and the number is every day increasing, sites where the soil is deep and excellent, and the skies warm and bright, but the violence of the vernal and autumnal winds is such, that the better culture of the orchard and garden makes little progress.

In all such sites, Mr. Tudor's Nahant screens for sifting the air, will at once obviate all the difficulty, temper the wind to the tender buds, and make for the spot a soft climate in a naturally harsh and bleak aspect.

### A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

In one of these encounters between the advanced guard of the French and rear-guard of the Austrians, one of the young amazons, Félicité Fernig, who bore the orders of Dumouriez to the head of his columns, found herself, accompanied only with a handful of French hussars, surrounded by a detachment of the enemies' hulans. Avoiding with difficulty the sabres around her, she turned her bridle with a group of hussars to rejoin the column, when she perceived a young officer of the Belgian volunteers who had been thrown from his horse by a shot, defending himself with a sabre against the hulans, who sought to slay him. Although this officer was unknown to her, Félicité rushed to his succour, killed with two pistol-shots two of the hulans, put the others to flight, dismounted from her horse, relieved the wounded man, confided him to her hussars, accompanied him herself to the military hospital, and returned to rejoin her General. This young officer was named Vanderwalen. Left in the hospitals of Brussels after the departure of the French army, he forgot his wounds, but could never forget the heroine he had met with on the field of carnage. The countenance of that female, in the dress of a comrade in arms, precipitating herself into the *mêlée* to rescue him from death, and leaning afterwards over his blood-stained bed in the military hospital, tenaciously kept place in his remembrance.

When Dumouriez had fled to the enemy's lands, and the army had lost all trace of the two young amazons whom it had drawn into its misfortunes and exile, Vanderwalen quitted the military service, and travelled through Germany in search of her to whom he owed his life. Long did he traverse in vain the principal towns of the north, without being able to obtain the slightest indication of the family of Fernig. He discovered them at last, refugees in the heart of Denmark. His gratitude ripened into love for the young girl, who had resumed the dress, the graces, and the modesty of her sex. He espoused her, and brought her home to his own country. Théophile, her sister and companion in glory, followed Félicité to Brussels. She died there while yet young, without having been married. She cultivated the arts—was a musician and a poetess, like Vittoria Colonna. She left poems stamped with masculine heroism, feminine sensibility, and worthy of accompanying her name to immortality

These two sisters, inseparable in life, in death, as upon the field of battle, repose under the same cypress—in a foreign land. Where are their names upon the marble monuments of our triumphal arches? Where are their pictures at Versailles?—Where are their statues upon our frontiers, bedewed with their blood?—*Lamartine's History of the Gerondists.*

## Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

EMULATING THE HANGMAN.—When Balfour was executed in Dundee, the writer of this tract was a mere boy, residing a considerable distance from town. He distinctly recollects that only one respectable man in the district went to see the execution. When he returned a great anxiety was manifested by young and old to hear a description of the engine of death, and the awful spectacle of an execution. What influence did the relation of the facts have on the young? On the following day groups of boys might have been seen erecting imitation scaffolds, and suspending thereon kittens and sparrows. On the day after Mark Devlin's execution in Dundee, a number of boys in the Hilltown, commenced, in a shed to imitate the hangman; and, if it had not been for the timely arrival of the father of one of the boys, in a few moments more his son would have been a corpse. (Remarks on death punishments.) During the Reign of Terror, toy-guillotines, for destroying mice or rats, were common enough among the boys of Paris.

TO NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN AND TRAVELLERS.—Not the least among the marvels of the present day is a "Double Coat," invented by Deen, the well-known tailor, late of Saville row, Bond street, but now of Oxford street, and secured from being pirated by complete registration. The coat is so put together as to give the wearer the advantages of two coats of totally different appearance—one a fashionable walking surtout—the other a superb weather-proof travelling coat. By an almost instantaneous operation, they can put off their travelling *dishabille*, and appear in the fashionable costume of an English gentleman.

Another Duke on another horse, is to be put up in Edinburgh, to the honour of the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, in future ages, who will be known by his monuments, will be looked upon as a kind of military Hercules, who not only cleansed the Augean Stable, but run away with all the horses.

SALE OF AN ALLEGED AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKSPEARE.—Yesterday, at the sale of autographs at Messrs. Southgate and Barrett's rooms, in Fleet street, an autograph, stated in the catalogue to be "undoubted," of William Shakspeare, was sold. The autograph is on the title page of an old folio volume, called "Blount's Historie of the Righte of the King of Portugal to the Crown of Castile; emprynted at London by Arn Hatfield, for Edward Blount, 1600." Blount, it is well known, was, conjointly with Jaggard, the publisher of the first edition of Shakspeare's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," and this book is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, Shakspeare's greatest patron. To quote from the catalogue, it states, "that this undoubtedly original autograph of the immortal Bard of Avon, on the title of the above volume, came into possession of Mr. Hamilton (of Islington, the late possessor) many years since, during which time several eminent collectors have seen it, who are unanimous in their opinion of its authenticity. It has been compared with the well-known facsimilies formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Upcott, whose belief was in favour of its genuineness." The auctioneer stated that it could be proved to have been in possession of one party eighty years, which would take it beyond the period when the clever fabrications of Ireland were done. He had taken it to the British Museum, and also to Doctors' Commons, and all who had seen it were of opinion that it more closely resembled the writing of Shakspeare than any they had ever seen. The cause of the book being in such a filthy, dirty state, was that for sixty years it had been kept amongst a lot of old lumber, and was sold to Mr. Hamilton, with a quantity of old books, as waste paper by the lady who formerly possessed it. It was not until three years after Mr. Hamilton had it in possession that he discovered the name upon the title. The book was handed round the room; there were no covers to it, and it was so water-stained that a strong magnifying glass had to be used to distinguish the writing The signature appeared to be in much smaller characters than the one in the Museum, and less formal, but still there was a great similarity. Five guineas was the first offer, and after a languid bidding it was knocked down for 9*l.* to a gentleman named Maxwell.—*Eng. paper.*

THE VIRTUES OF JEWELS.—The following are some of the virtues attributed to stones, as borrowed from a Persian manuscript, translated by Raja Calikishen, in the *East Indian Magazine*, in which the similarity between the virtues of the stones, and the ideas which they originally represented, will even now be traced,—

Diamond preserves from lightning, cures madness and vain fears.

Ruby purifies the blood, quenches the thirst, dispels melancholy, insures honour and competence.

The Emerald averts bad dreams, gives courage, cures palsy.

The Turquoise, in its Persian name, "Aber Is'hagi, Father of Isaac," contains reference to a mental principle, particularly valuable, since at Nishapur, in Khorasan, is the only known turquoise mine in the world. It brightens the eyes, and is a remedy for the bites of venomous animals.

And in other traditions it is maintained, that—
Pearls refresh the spirits and obviate passions.
Sapphire preserves from enchantments.
Chrysoprase will make one out of love with gold.
Agates preserve from tempests.
Amethyst prevents inebriation.
Corals change colour with the mind of the wearer.

A DAY IN LORD ELDON'S COURT.—My most valued and witty friend, Sir George Bose, when at the bar, having the note-book of the regular reporter of Lord Eldon's decision put into his hand with a request that he would take a note for him of any decision which should be given, entered in it the following lines as a full record of all that was material which had occurred during the day:

Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong:
Mr. Hart,
On the other part,
Was heavy, dull, and long:
Mr. Parker,
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without:
Mr. Cooke,
Cited his book,
And the Chancellor said—"I DOUBT."—

*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

We are sorry to see the name of James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic author, in the list of Scottish bankrupts.

POPE PIUS IX.—His personal appearance is extremely benignant, and he unites, with a perfect self-command, indomitable resolution and perseverance. He is absolute in authority but occasionally summons a Council of Cardinals for advice. On a recent occasion, on taking a ballot by balls placed in a box, it was found that the black balls which negatived his proprosition, very much exceeded the white. He took off his white cap, and putting all the black balls together, put it over them saying at the same time to his surprised Cardinals, that now the ball were all white, and thanking them for thei advice, dismissed them.

"There is more sympathy," remarks the *Times*, "between England and the United States, the proud mother and the still prouder offspring, than either is willing to acknowledge."

A correspondent of the *Suffolk Chronicle* says that on the breaking up of a tithe-feast at Halesworth, there was a confusion of hats. NEXT day the following note was received:—"Mr. T.'s compliments to Mr. W., and I have got a hat which is not his—if he have got a hat which is not your's, no doubt they are the expected ones."

"CAN SHE MAKE A PUDDING?"—Women are supposed to be very calm generally, but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in theirmore privileged fellow creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them, if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their